The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1924 NUMBER 522

Contents

The Week 26

Editorials

Can the British Government Scrap the Protocol?.. 29
Whose Prosperity?..... 31
Child Labor, the Home and Liberty..... 32

General Articles

Science and Politics .....J. B. S. Haldane 34
On Love .....A. R. Orage 36
Prayer after Youth (verse)...Maxwell Anderson 39
Foreign Schools in Turkey.....John Dewey 40
The Antiquary .....Virginia Woolf 42
Desire under the Elms.....R. M. L. 44
Correspondence 45
Strictly Confidential .....E. V. 46

Reviews of Books

Labor in the British Coal Fields....Stuart Chase 47
Cannibals and Roses.....Alfred Stanford 48
Playboy of the Southern World..Eugene S. Bagger 49
Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics.....
..... Oscar Riddle 50

The Week

GREAT BRITAIN'S present attitude toward Egypt represents a return to a brutal and barbaric policy which the world had some reason to believe had been outgrown. Certainly, the murder of Major-General Sir Lee Stack was an outrage which cannot be too deeply regretted; and there is unfortunately all too much precedent for the demanded apology and the fine of £500,000. But the Baldwin government was not content to stop with these customary impositions. In a manner which suggests that it regards Sir Lee's assassination as a lucky stroke of fortune for its own political purposes, it dishonors the memory of its gallant servant by making his murder the pretext to tighten its hold on the Sudan. If the London government had foreseen the murder and laid its plans in advance it could not have been more prompt in demanding as payment all the things which it has been trying to secure by peaceful or quasi-peaceful means from the Egyptians ever since the protectorate was abandoned.

GREAT BRITAIN will win, of course, in her contest. The Egyptians have no military force with which to oppose her and there is no outside quarter from which to expect aid. They have voted to appeal to the League of Nations; but little help can be expected from that quarter, especially as Egypt is not a member. Great Britain has already declared that she will accept no outside interference in Egyptian affairs and would regard action by any third power under Article XI of the League Covenant as an unfriendly act. In view of our own attitude as expressed in the Monroe Doctrine, no American has the right to exhibit moral indignation over this policy; but we have the right to deplore the cynicism with which the British government thrusts aside such minor matters as justice and respect for the opinion of mankind in order to confirm her title to some important territory and to strengthen her control of the Suez Canal. The realists of the Paris boulevards are already saying that this marks the end of the Wilsonian dream of autonomy for suppressed nationalities. Under this view, the truculence of the British note is intended to serve notice on Egypt, India, and the whole Mohammedan world that no relief may be expected from "The White Man's Burden"—i. e., the burden the white man lays upon those of other colors.

THE Navy Department now calmly and casually informs the country that an American fleet is to go on a junket to the Antipodes next summer—a junket which will be extremely costly, in more ways than one. Twelve dreadnaughts, four light cruisers, thirty-six destroyers are to participate; extensive manœuvres will be held at Hawaii, and others will take place in Australian and New Zealand waters. The Navy may have been quite innocent in planning the cruise; but its effect can hardly be other than wholly bad. Japanese opinion is still inflamed because of the affront contained in our immigration law; and by them the cruise is certain to be interpreted, privately if not publicly, as a rattling of the sabre, a parade of our strength for the effect on possible antagonists. This will be doubly true of a cruise which includes a visit to Australia, with the natural accompaniment of toasts to "white suprem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acy in the Pacific" and reiterations that "Anglo-Saxons must stand together." Under all the circumstances, the cruise is in the worst possible taste. It can serve no useful naval purpose, and the taxpayers' money could be expended otherwise to infinitely greater advantage.

THE new British government has rejected the treaties which MacDonald signed with Russia. They will not even be submitted to Parliament for ratification. The government insists that the Zinovieff letter was genuine, and that the Third Internationale, with the full knowledge of the Soviet government, is persisting in communist agitation in the British Isles. The rupture of relations is drastic, but of course not unexpected. Having based their campaign largely on the undesirability of the treaties and the genuineness of the Zinovieff letter, the Conservatives could hardly do less. A similar development may be expected in France if the Herriot government should succeed in negotiating treaties before its downfall. The Russians have neither the ability nor the inclination to make such arrangements regarding payment to French and British bondholders and owners of expropriated factories as will satisfy a conservative government in either country. The communist believes, with more than religious fervor, that payment of such debts to Western "capitalists" is immoral. He will go only so far in promises to pay as he is obliged to; and all the known laws of human nature indicate that he will also give no more than lip service to the promise to abstain from propaganda in those countries. The problem of establishing amicable relations between Communist Russia and the conservative Western powers, including America, is one which grows more difficult the more it is studied.

THE report on political action of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor is an excellent example of double-barreled diplomacy. By a carefully phrased endorsement of the traditional non-partisan policy and a failure to recommend a Labor party, it saves the faces of those few but important leaders who revolted when the Federation endorsed La Follette. By an assumption that the endorsement of La Follette was a legitimate expression of the non-partisan policy—as technically it was—and by an expression of qualified satisfaction with the results of the campaign, it placates the Progressives and protects the Administration's record. If the more hot-headed on both sides can be restrained from precipitating the issue on the floor, the general desire to avoid a clash which would leave its mark on the trade union movement will be fulfilled. The leaders of the progressive political actionists are wisely supporting the resolution, since a battle for the Labor party idea in the convention would be poor strategy at this time. If lost it would do much to defeat their hopes; if won it would merely put the union label definitely on a party which they know must be much broader in scope and more inclusive in origin to be successful. Furthermore, what they need most is not the endorsement of the Federation—which can be obtained again during a campaign if conditions are favorable—but the support of constituent national and international unions, which alone have the funds to make Labor's political efforts count. In this case as in most others the Federation follows rather than leads the policy of the several unions, leaving a decisive issue to be achieved outside its official cognizance.

THE New York League of Women Voters met last week to congratulate itself on having rooted out sixty percent of the voters of the state in the recent election. The League labored hugely in 104 or 105 organized districts in the state during the campaign as did all the state leagues that net the country in one of the most earnest and most reasonable organizations of our over-organized life. It is a standard cynicism to point out that the holy ardor engendered by the suffrage fight did not sweep politics pure at the first national election in which women had the vote. Instead of repudiating existing parties the women swallowed them—they created, that is, a league which derives its vitality from the healthy clash of party strife. By fostering keen partisan discussion among its members it trains them in political thinking, and subjects party issues to the test of sharp friendly scrutiny. By uniting its members on broad questions of general welfare or national policy it carries the unexceptionable weight of a non-partisan body. As a political organization it is a paradox; yet it is the most intelligent political organization in the country, and the direct result, all cynics note, of the nineteenth amendment.

THE women who formed the League were moved at the beginning by the responsibilities of victory. They made it a women's organization for the education and advancement of women. But in the broad range of its activities in the last five years the emphasis has changed from woman to voter. The League still holds itself responsible, of course, for the interests of women in legislation, but it has come to class the social and legal disabilities still suffered by women among other grievances to be removed as soon as possible, no doubt, but not to be overemphasized in the face of graver general reforms. Its membership has ceased to be so much a sex as a convenient classification of citizens with a special class of interests in common. The tendency to forget themselves, or at any rate to forget their sex, was strongly evident among the delegates to last week's New York convention. It was a sound, alert membership, apparently neither more nor less intelligent than any picked gathering, though necessarily more disinterested, intent upon the business of a remarkably well-run organization. The resolutions concerning women's interests were taken up with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same business-like, reasonable spirit that marked the other proceedings. There was no edge of resentment or apology or challenge. The old sensitivity of suffrage days has passed, and now, five years after the great upheaval, appears its true fruit, acceptance. The spectacle of a woman politician goes unnoticed, even by herself.

> Then as far as the guardianship of a state is concerned there is no difference between the natures of the man and of the woman, but only different degrees of weakness and strength.

Plato would be surprised, no doubt, to find us not merely agreeing with him, but practising the theory without thinking twice about it.

OWEN YOUNG'S statement on the working of the Dawes plan offers the assurance that for one year at least Germany need not be adjudged in default under the accepted scheme of payments. The billion marks to be paid into the Reichsbank by next August on reparations account will be available. A considerable part of this sum, to be sure, comes out of the proceeds of the recent international loan. No valid inference can be drawn as to Germany's ability to pay the billion and a quarter due in 1926, nor the two billion and a half due annually thereafter. Such payments can be made only if the economic revival of Germany proceeds at a pace more rapid than it is safe at the present time to predict. Mr. Young is confident that the process of economic revival is well under way and there are many facts bearing an optimistic interpretation. Employment is better than last year, and statistics of consumption give signs of some improvement in the standard of living. Recent reductions in rates of taxation that were too high for maximum fiscal yield will help toward economic revival. If pending negotiations for the commercial treaties give Germany a fair chance in international trade it is possible that considerable reparations payments may be made under the Dawes plan, however far they may fall short of Allied expectations.

TO be honored in death and buried with the pomp and circumstance of princes—be a bootlegger. We quote from the New York Times the account of the funeral in Chicago of one Dion O'Banion, thirty-two year old ruler of the Chicago underworld, king of hijackers and, according to the Chief of Police of Chicago, director of at least twenty-five murders:

> Twenty-six truck loads of flowers, one thousand persons were at the cemetery . . . It was recognized by gangmen, gunmen, all factions of the liquor traffic and all groups which have trouble with the police as an occasion for . . . doing honor to the greatest representative of their general class . . . Louis Altiere, O'Banion's pal and lieutenant . . . in a purple collar and frock coat, a sheaf of lilies of the valley on the lapel, touched his eyes with a handkerchief of dashing pattern and rearranged the flowers in order to give a better effect to the floral tribute of the widow—a pillar seven feet high, made of two thousand red roses. "Now play," he whispered behind a gloved hand, when the pallbearers and other principal mourners had deposited their revolvers with friends and filled the room . . . From twenty-six trucks an acre was covered with floral pieces with pious and sentimental inscriptions in violets and forget-me-nots. The biggest of them was a seven foot wall of carnations bearing in gigantic letters the words: "To our pal—from the gang." Amid sobs from hundreds the splendid coffin was slowly lowered into the grave.

Thus goeth the gentle criminal to his reward. When prohibitory duty's to be done, to be done, the policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

THE civil war in China has ended inconclusively as usual. Chang Tso-lin's armies have been victorious, Wu Pei-fu's have been defeated and what is styled a peace conference has been called, but this is far from meaning that there will be at last peace in China. Instead there is every reason to expect a renewal of fighting after the usual winter and spring interval of inactivity. Before there can be anything approaching settlement in China the country must be cleared of the military groups spread all over the country. They must be eliminated either by the force of a public opinion weary with ceaseless civil war or by the supremacy of one group. In practical fact it must be the latter, as there is no organized public opinion of any potency in the country now. There have been numerous patched-up peace agreements in the last few years and all have amounted only to temporary truces. Whichever side was worsted only had its strength temporarily impaired. When it had time to recover, the war started all over again. Such has been China's internal history since 1911 and nothing has now occurred from which any change is to be expected. Even the removal of the boy Emperor from the Forbidden City will have little direct influence, because such monarchist sentiment as exists will not be diminished by that act.

THIS year's war was the most severe of any since the overthrow of the monarchy, but there was no decision in the sense that one of the two contenders was eliminated. Wu Pei-fu was put out of action not in battle but by the treachery of one of his subordinate commanders, Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general who has long been the little darling of the American missionaries and who now has given his heathen compatriots a dubious demonstration of Christian ethics by deserting his commander in the midst of battle and going over to the enemy. Wu Pei-fu's main army was cut off and broken up and Wu himself forced to flee, but a number of military governors have already announced they do not recognize the new régime in Peking but adhere to their loyalty to Wu Pei-fu. The customary political and military intriguery will continue, new combinations be formed and a new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

test of strength made when the time is propitious, even if some sort of agreement be signed at the forthcoming conference in Tientsin. If Chang Tso-lin had carried on the campaign until the other semi-independent armies were crushed or frightened into submission there might have been unification. A dictated peace is the only kind possible for China now or until there is a civil government strong enough to subdue all the military chieftains.

THE railway strike which suspended communications in Austria and compelled Chancellor Seipel to resign is symptomatic of something more serious than labor difficulties. The burden of paying for the "reconstruction" for which the League of Nations and the great banking groups of Europe and America take credit is becoming impossible to bear and the labor unions, being the best organized, are making the most vigorous protests. The League is still concerned first with balancing budgets and protecting its loan, the Austrian people with clothing themselves warmly enough to keep warm and buying enough food to keep their children fed. In Austria's economic situation the two are mutually exclusive unless Austria is given time. But the League cries insistently for economy, economy means higher taxes and the dismissal of more state employes to be added to the 100,000 unemployed in a country of 6,000,000, prices mount steadily and incomes remain stable or are disproportionately increased. The financial panic which hit all Central Europe after the franc speculations has been especially disastrous in Austria. The League at its last meeting imposed severer restrictions on the Austrian government. The combination of circumstances has made living conditions in Vienna worse than at any time since the collapse after the Armistice.

Can the British Government Scrap the Protocol?

ACCORDING to the cables from London the British government has held up the process of international negotiation which the Assembly of the League of Nations at its September meeting started for the benefit of general pacification and disarmament. The next step was to have been the summoning of a conference on disarmament to assemble in Geneva in June, and the ratification of the Protocol was to be dependent on the success of this congress. But the British government is opposed to a disarmament conference at the present time, and apparently it is doubtful about some aspects of the Protocol which it seems disinclined to accept without reservations. It is fully aware, however, that the proposed disarmament conference and the Protocol are parts of a plan of European pacification which it cannot abandon or indefinitely delay without providing a substitute. What action it will take to keep the work of pacification on the march without falling back eventually upon an acceptance with or without modifications of the Geneva plan remains to be seen.

Americans should take some trouble to understand the nature of the plan which the League is now promoting for the organization of peace and the future security of a comparatively disarmed society of nations. It differs radically from the Covenant in that it begins by declaring aggressive war to be an international crime which every signatory of the Protocol is pledged to abandon. It expresses for the first time in the form of an international verdict the moral abhorrence of war which the experiences of the last decade have precipitated in the spirits of all understanding men and women. But it does more than that. It proposes an elaborate plan for giving legal and political effect to the outlawry of aggressive war. It defines the aggressor as a nation which refuses to submit a dispute or an alleged grievance to arbitration, and it tries to provide in that case for the effective co-operative condemnation of the aggressor by the whole civilized world. The question of the penalties which the outlaw would incur is not and could not be completely answered by the Protocol. Its provisions for the enforcement are the most doubtful and ambiguous in the new document. Misgivings about them have no doubt determined the action of the British government in delaying its consideration. But whether they stand or fall, some such sanctions seem necessary to the peace of mind of many nations on the continent of Europe who have most to fear from a possible aggressive war and who have been most reluctant in the past to trust their security to anything but adequate military preparations for defense.

The scruples of the British government clearly arise from its indisposition to pledge itself to enforce penalties for aggressive war against a non-European friendly nation such as the United States. There is, of course, small chance that the United States will for many years ratify the Protocol. If in the meantime they engage in a dispute with a government which had pledged itself to give up unarbitrated war and to treat it as a crime and if they refused to recognize the definition of aggressive war adopted by the League, the carrying out of the plan might demand the condemnation of the United States as an outlaw and the enforcement of appropriate penalties. The task of enforcing such penalties would under the circumstances fall to the share of Great Britain as the chief European naval power, and British statesmen are naturally reluctant to assume any obligation which would bind their government in such circumstances to execute a judgment of the League against their English speaking brethren. They will in all probability never ratify the Protocol unless their own liabilities under it as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naval power are carefully limited and clearly defined. This is a counsel of prudence on their part which they are fully entitled to respect; and in so far as they do release themselves from any such obligation they will weaken the force of one of the most dangerous arguments which is used by the opponents of the Protocol in this country—the argument, viz., that the Protocol places the United States in the position of being obliged either to recognize the authority of the League and submit to its jurisdiction or in certain possible contingencies of being punished as a criminal outlaw by Europe, the British Empire and Japan.

But while British statesmen are justified in seeking to limit the liability of their government for the execution of penalties against a non-European aggressor under the Protocol, it is very much to be hoped that they will not reject its salutary underlying idea—the idea of explicitly and effectively condemning aggressive war as an international crime. Manifestly there can be no assurance of peace in Europe unless the nations continue their efforts to provide through improved international organization for greater security than they now enjoy or think they enjoy by virtue of the Covenant of the League. In spite of the Covenant the European powers with the exception of Germany are as thoroughly armed as they were before the war and act and talk as if they felt as insecure. The French in particular, in spite of their present military supremacy, have for many years insisted upon their need of special guarantees of future security—guarantees which were essentially military and implied the grant to France of a privileged position. But last September in Geneva, under the leadership of M. Herriot, a French government consented for the first time to supplement the Covenant, not by a defensive alliance with its former Allies, but by an international repudiation of war which, in so far as it worked, would bring the same security to all nations that it brought to France. This willingness in France to associate her own security with the security of others is the most encouraging development in the direction of organized peace which has occurred since the signing of the Armistice; and if the present British government fails to understand its importance and neglects to encourage the French to continue their well-doing, the one possible alternative will be a revival and an elaboration of the old system of ostensibly protective but really aggressive military alliances. British statesmen recognize on the part of their people an obligation to contribute to French security. They can accomplish this result only by one of two methods. They must either invoke some general machinery for international security such as that provided by the Protocol or they will have to organize a military bloc, which will provide security for none but victors in the war, and which will make this partial security dependent upon the continuation of an overwhelming military and naval preponderance.

We shall not believe, until we are forced to do so, that the British government will refuse to take advantage of the willingness of the existing French government to share the security which France insists upon as her own right with the other European peoples. If the Baldwin cabinet should finally refuse to proceed along the lines proposed at Geneva in September, it would, we believe, commit at the beginning of its career the kind of mistake which would result in the loss of the confidence of the British people. The longing for some organization of peace which will diminish and perhaps do away with the intolerable anxieties and sufferings of the past ten years is gradually obtaining the scope and intensity of a great popular agitation. For the first time the effort to organize peace has plucked up courage to attack the roots of militarism and to treat the nation which goes to war without submitting its grievance to independent adjudication as a criminal. It is only by radicalism of this kind that the civilized peoples can get rid of the insecurity, the fears, the fanaticism and the barbarism which are inseparable from war. Those governments which attempt to block the great reformation will be pushed aside.

Yet we cannot blame the present British government for hesitating. The Protocol goes far beyond the Covenant in seeking to substitute law for war in the arbitrament of international disputes, but for that very reason the nations which agree to the Protocol and propose to put it into practice have implicitly assumed a much graver responsibility for managing that the new international tribunals shall dispense justice as well as law than did the nations which signed the Covenant. The only law which these tribunals will at least in the beginning have to expound is the law contained in existing precedents and treaties; and it is notorious that those treaties are in part the result of wars, whose participants considered it perfectly justifiable to apply one rule to the victor and another to the vanquished. This practice has had the paradoxical result of building into the very structure of European international order strains which are bound gradually to wreck it. The treaties which brought the Great War to an end are crowded with provisions which themselves have no sanction but that of superior force; and if the new international tribunals are obliged to sustain these proofs of the necessary unrighteousness of vanquished as the final verdicts of organized international justice, the effort to substitute law for war will suffer in the end from an egregious and ignoble failure. There is one obvious and adequate test of whether the governments which favor the Protocol are seeking to substitute law for war or are merely trying to consolidate their legal title to the fruits of victory. It hangs upon their willingness to make those concessions which are necessary if Hungary, Germany and Russia are to become loyal supporters of the proposed organization of peace. The new society and law of nations would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be a sham from the start unless Russia, Hungary and Germany are admitted under conditions which afford to Russians, Hungarians and Germans the same interest in keeping it alive and in contributing to its development as have the Czechs, Frenchmen or Englishmen.

Whose Prosperity?

SIXTEEN million people voted for prosperity, and now they have it. Sixteen million crosses under the eagle instead of the star or the bell, and the wealth of the nation is increased within a month by some billions of dollars. At least, so they say who look with awe on the soaring values of the stock exchange. It is a simple faith, comforting many; why should scoffers disturb it? This way of getting rich is so much quicker than growing crops, building houses, seeing that children get enough milk. If stock prices only go high enough, we are promised that all the rest will follow.

It is not gracious to play the skeleton at the feast, or to look a gift horse in the mouth. But impish curiosity does prompt a few irrepressible questions. Just who are getting rich? How long are they likely to remain so? What will be the effect of their affluence upon others?

If a man buys a share of stock at 75 and sells it at 100 he apparently makes $25. That is, he now has $100 in place of the $75 with which he started. But having it, what is he going to do with it? He may buy more shares. This way of getting rich is satisfactory so long as the market rises, but the moment stock prices fall below the level at which he began operations, his gain is cancelled. We therefore face as the first possibility that the market will go down again and that the only real gainers will be those who know when to sell as well as when to buy. Such gains are made at the expense of others and the nation is not one cent richer for them.

Suppose, moreover, that the gainer who does know when to sell puts his money in relatively stable securities or in the bank, and uses the proceeds from time to time for larger current purchases. Here another danger threatens him. The prices of articles as well as of shares may rise in response to the access of purchasing power. In that case there may come a time when his $100 will buy no more than his $75 bought before. Wage-earners and others of fixed incomes will be even worse off then he. When an upward race of prices occurs, the gains go only to those who are in such a fortunate position that the prices of what they sell rise faster than the prices of what they buy. Experience has shown that these usually are manufacturers and employers. Their gains in such a case are made at the expense of others, and they comprise but a small part of the population. Their gains disappear if prices fall again, and the increment to the nation is nil.

There remains the possibility that stock prices will in the long average remain above the level at which they started. That possibility can be fulfilled only if profits and dividends rise permanently above the level which determined the former value of the shares. Such a result could follow from one or both of two developments: Either the owners of industry might take a larger part of the national income than before, or the production of the nation per capita of the population might increase enough to yield the larger profits. If the owners take a larger part though there is no increase in productivity, their gains will be at the expense of the majority, and the nation as a whole will be no better off.

We therefore come to the proposition that prosperity can be real and permanent only if the physical productivity of the nation increases. Mere growth in the money value of capital, mere rising prices, though they may benefit favored individuals for a time, do not benefit the whole population unless they are accompanied by a general increase in real wealth—a production of correspondingly larger amounts of goods and services. Without such an accompaniment, market booms and price inflation are sure to be temporary and injurious.

To guess whether the majority of the sixteen million are going to be cheated of their prosperity it is therefore necessary to look at the physical measures of production and trade. What kind of situation did we have before the boom? Almost every industry was producing at considerably less than its capacity. The stocks of commodities on hand and waiting for sale were larger than a year ago. According to most informed estimates, there was not enough purchasing power among the general population to keep the factories which we have steadily busy. On this account persons with access to surplus funds, who might have devoted them to new capital investments, were not very active in building factories and starting new enterprises. Their failure to do so was not traceable to any lack of surplus available for the purpose, since profits were large, capital could be borrowed at lower rates than for many years, and the enormous reserve of gold in the banks made possible low rates for short-time loans. Industry languished rather because there was insufficient demand for consumable products on the part of the general public, and insufficient demand for plants and machinery on the part of the enterprisers.

Those who have studied the curve of consumers' demand know that it fluctuates by a narrow margin and slowly. To increase it materially in a short time would require marked prosperity on the farms, great increases in employment and wages in the factories. The farmers in some regions have this year an enlarged purchasing power, though the improvement has been much exaggerated. That part which finds its way into retail markets is restricted by the necessity of paying old debts. The wage-earners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are no better off than a year ago. No such growth of general purchasing power has yet appeared in this country as would warrant the expectation of a sudden and permanent boost for trade. A moderate recovery was due, and gradual gains are to be expected in the long run, but not a frenzied expansion. If, therefore, production and employment rapidly increase, if new capital investments are made in unprecedented volume, we shall simply be piling up surplus goods and factories to break the market sometime in the future, unless the ultimate consumers evince a miraculous capacity to buy.

Of course, they may do so. It is just possible that the foreign crop failures of 1924 will be repeated in 1925, that the price of grain will continue to rise, and that the American farmers will become really prosperous. Wages in the United States may possibly rise not merely as rapidly as food prices, but in addition as rapidly as the capacity of the average wage-earner to produce. The ten percent of our production which is normally exported may increase prodigiously on account of a recovery of Europe under the Dawes plan—a recovery made in spite of crop failures and the resulting high food prices. If these things happen, real prosperity may arrive.

But somehow the cynical observer does not see in the present situation quite so much assurance. It does not look as if the stock market were intelligently discounting such factors as these. It looks more as if cheap money had at last, in spite of the restraints of bankers and the warnings of economists, led to speculative inflation. It looks as if the common or garden Republican, having been fed with exaggerated hopes of his own party and exaggerated fears of other parties, were rushing to the stock market to cash in on prosperity. And it looks as if the insiders, seeing a chance of lending large sums abroad at high interest rates, were cashing in on the common or garden Republican. If the boom breaks early on the stock exchange, without inducing inflation of commodity prices and overproduction in industry, the majority of citizens will be lucky. But if trade and industry catch the madness, they are sure to run amok. That would mean soaring prices and hopes for perhaps a year or two. After that it would be in order to ask the sixteen million how they like their prosperity.

Child Labor, the Home and Liberty

IN the current propaganda against the Child Labor Amendment, the economics of the issue is strangely subordinated. We are gravely assured by the various resolutions committees of manufacturers, merchants and even the National Grange, once a progressive organization, that what is at stake is our sacred liberty, the sanctity of our homes. The defeat of the Amendment, according to Professor J. Gresham Machen of Princeton University (letter to the New York Times, Nov. 18), would mean that "it is actually possible, despite recent indications, that American liberty and the sacredness of the American home have not yet altogether been destroyed."

The argument is simple. The Child Labor Amendment grants to Congress the power "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." There is nothing in the Amendment to indicate that it applies only to commercial employments. If Congress chose, it might penalize the man who sets his seventeen year old son at mowing the lawn, or the woman who has her seventeen year old daughter help with the dishes. It is no answer, say the opponents of the Amendment, to urge that Congress would never do anything so idiotic as that. They are concerned with a principle. The immemorial right of the parent to train his child in useful tasks according to his own discretion is destroyed. The obligation of the child to contribute in proportion to his abilities is destroyed. Parents may still set their children at work; children may still make themselves useful, but it will no longer be by right and obligation, but by default of legislation and administrative machinery.

This is the argument that is now being repeated, with a hundred variations, throughout the United States. Its validity admits of a simple test. Does any parent in the United States now enjoy discretion beyond the possibility of legislative invasion, in disposing of his children's time and labor that it is assumed the Child Labor Amendment would destroy? No. The states can now do everything that it is proposed to empower the federal government to do. If liberty and the home are destroyed when a government is in a position to step in between parent and child, they were destroyed upon the adoption of the Constitution, which did not establish the patria potestas in a bill of rights.

The Child Labor Amendment does not deprive the citizen of any liberties he now enjoys. It does not involve any new attack on the home. Not in principle. But the federal government might in practice regulate child labor more thoroughly than the state governments do. This is at bottom the reason both for the support of the Child Labor Amendment and for the opposition to it.

Is it to be presumed that the legislators in Washington will have the interests of children nearer to their hearts than the legislators at the several state capitols? We see no ground for such a presumption. But there are two reasons for presuming that the federal government would move more rapidly toward effective regulation than the average of the states.

The first reason is that the federal government would not need to consider the effect of a child labor law upon interstate competition. If it fixed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the minimum age of factory employment at sixteen all factories throughout the country would have to conform. No habitual employer of child labor could escape the law by migrating to another state. He might indeed migrate to Ceylon or Japan, where he would find as many child slaves as he could use. But then he would encounter the customs barrier if he tried to compete in the American market. When on the other hand a state government fixes a high age limit for child labor, the exploiter of children has only to move across the nearest state boundary. He is free to ship the products of child slavery back into the state, to compete with the products of free labor. The regulating state loses business and taxable property, without any equivalent humanitarian gain. If half the states had prohibited child labor, about as many children in the United States might still be found in factories, concentrated to be sure in the states of slack laws.

The other reason why the federal government would be more likely to act than the states is that the dilution of the citizenry with physical and mental defectives which always attends the exploitation of children is more manifestly a federal than a state concern. We are an excessively migratory people. Probably a majority of those who are now minors will spend the better part of their lives outside of the states in which they were born. Child labor notoriously involves an immediate profit at the cost of the efficiency of the adult worker. Under existing conditions the profit is too often enjoyed by one state while the cost is borne by another. The federal government would enter the profit and the cost in a single account.

Federal child labor regulation would presumably be more effective than state regulation. This is all that can be said for it, or against it, so far as liberty and the home are concerned. If the Child Labor Amendment fails, the employment of children in factories, workshops, mines and quarries, oyster beds and beet fields will be more general and persist longer than it would if the Amendment is adopted. This we think will generally be admitted on both sides.

Thus the matter simmers down to simple issues of fact.

Does early employment in factories, mines and workshops actually make for the full development, physical, mental and moral, essential to a condition of real liberty?

When wages are adjusted to the fact of child labor, is the parent "free" to put his children into a factory or keep them out, as he chooses?

Is the "home" from which children are hurried every morning to the factory and to which they return at night broken with weariness the "sacred institution" fat business men and windy professors are prating about?

We think that everyone who knows anything about actual industry will agree that it is child labor, not any law restricting it, that is destructive of liberty: destructive of the liberty of the child, and of that of the child's parents, who are thrust into a position where they have to choose between starvation and the enslavement of their children. Ultimately it is destructive of the liberty of the community that tolerates it. We think it will also be generally agreed that wherever child labor is common the home tends to disintegrate.

On the one side are real issues. If the Child Labor Amendment is adopted, the federal government will be in a position to cope with the actual evils of child labor. It will have the power to eliminate conditions destructive of the home and liberty, and it is likely to use that power. On the other side are imaginary issues. The federal government will have the power to liberate the boy from chores and the girl from tending the baby. It would certainly never use any such power.

Why then is not the Amendment restricted to the field in which the government would naturally use the powers granted? Why is it not restricted to industry, mining and commerce? Because there are equally serious abuses in agriculture and gardening conducted under the padrone system. Why is it not restricted to child labor for wages? Because such a restriction would open the door wide to all sorts of subterfuges. Why is not an exception made of child labor directly under a parent's supervision? Because of the border line cases sure to emerge.

The Child Labor Amendment is what every properly drawn constitutional amendment ought to be, a grant of powers that the legislature may exercise at its discretion. If it had been, like the Prohibition Amendment, direct legislation incorporated in the Constitution, it would have been reasonable to cavil at any apparent excess of scope. An amendment prohibiting all child labor under eighteen, or sixteen or even ten or eight, might decently be opposed as impairing the liberty of parents and undermining the home. But the charge that the Child Labor Amendment as it actually stands attacks liberty and the home is absurd. And where it is used by interested parties to preserve their privilege of exploiting child labor, it approaches the utmost limit of propagandist effrontery.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRES., ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS., DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS, CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science and Politics

FROM time to time I am asked whether I have ever thought of taking to politics. I suppose that question is asked of every man who can speak consecutively for twenty minutes. Sometimes I fear I have answered that politics is no occupation for an honest man. If I made that answer I was wrong, for it is my duty, and everyone's duty, to try to alter that state of affairs if it exists. But the true answer was that I thought I could be of more use where I was. "But why," my questioner might have asked, "if you can find a method of reducing the amount of potassium in your own blood or altering the distribution of sugar between the different tissues of your body, should you not apply your mind to reducing the amount of unemployment in the country or helping to bring about a juster distribution of its wealth?" I could not answer that these questions do not interest me. I have not to take many paces outside my laboratory to see the need for political and social reform. As a skilled manual worker and a trade unionist I have a strong idea where I should find my political affinities.

I might claim that my work had done something to save life and health in the fight against disease. But if it resulted in halving the death rate from heart disease (which is highly unlikely) it would not save half as many lives as if I could be instrumental in bringing the sanitary conditions of the unskilled urban laborer up to those of the skilled worker. And these conditions depend mainly on housing and wages.

My only valid excuse seems to be along quite different lines. I believe that social problems can only be solved in the long run by the application of scientific method such as has made possible modern industry and modern medicine. I am at once answered by two sets of people. The first tells me that if I think on scientific lines about politics I shall inevitably be led to its own favorite scheme, a scientific tariff perhaps, or a scientific organization of the means of production by the state. The others say that my scientific method may be adequate for dealing with machines or animals; but that as man is a great deal more than a machine or an animal, it cannot be applied to politics. With these last I have considerable sympathy. If I thought that science in its present embryonic state could be applied to politics I should become a politician. But it certainly cannot. Man is no more a mere animal than he is a mere economic unit. It is quite true that biological laws apply to him as mechanical laws do. Good intentions alone are as useless against smallpox as against an earthquake, though they are needed for dealing with both these calamities. But to predict the behavior of men in the mass we require knowledge of a special kind of psychology. And at the present moment the expert politician knows ten times as much of it as the best psychologist. But there is this big difference between the two. What little knowledge the psychologist possesses, though it is so abstract and meagre as to be of very little practical value, can be put in a form accessible to other psychologists. The same cannot be said of the politicians. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Younger disagree on most political topics, but they would probably agree to a large extent in estimating the ability and integrity of a given statesman, or the probability of gaining votes by a given speech or measure. Yet they could not put into words the processes by which they arrive at these estimates, although their judgment is worth more when they agree than when they differ. The psychologists are just beginning to give an account of these processes. In another two or three centuries they will be beating the politicians at their own game and usurping their power, provided that the politicians have left a civilization in which psychology can exist.

I say two or three centuries for the following reason. Two hundred years ago the physicists and chemists were beginning to study the properties of metals by exact methods involving measurement, and the biologists were looking through the first microscopes. But the real knowledge of metals lay in the hands of skilled workmen who handed down their rule of thumb methods and manual dexterity to their children. Today metallurgy is a branch of applied science, while biologists are just beginning to be of some use to the practical animal breeder, though they cannot yet beat him at his own game. Psychology is about as much more complex than biology as biology than physics. Hence my estimate of the time it will take to develop. Let us hope it is too large.

Why then am I not a psychologist? Because, with all respect to psychologists, I do not think psychology is yet a science. Mechanics became a science when physicists had decided what they meant by such words as weight, velocity, and force, but not till then. The psychologists are still trying to arrive at a satisfactory terminology for the simplest phenomena they have to deal with. Until they are clearer as to the exact meaning of the words they use they can hardly begin to record events on scientific lines. Moreover I do not believe that psychology will go very far without a satisfactory physiology of the nervous system, any more than physiology could advance until physics and chemistry had developed to a certain point. This is not to say that physiology is a mere branch of physics or chemistry, or the mind a mere by-product of the brain. But it is a fact that we can only know about life by observing the movements of matter. You

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be the most spiritually minded man on earth, but I can only learn that fact by seeing, hearing, or feeling your bodily movements. As the latter depend on events in your brain I may as well get some information about those events. To study psychology before we understand the physiology of the brain is like trying to study physics without a knowledge of mathematics. Physics is more than mathematics, as matter is more than space, but you cannot have the one without the other. Now at the moment the physiology of the nervous system is being worked out with great speed, and by contributing to its progress I suspect I am doing more for psychology than if I became a psychologist.

It is worth while taking an example of what I mean by the application of psychology to politics. The success or failure of Socialism will depend on whether it can furnish as good an incentive to individual effort as our present economic system, more than on any other single fact. This is a very favorite topic with debating societies. Similarly the question whether the first bird came out of the first egg or the other way round was debated until a study of fossils showed that birds were descended from reptiles which laid eggs, and therefore the egg had the priority. But a better analogy is the case of human diet. During the war the basis of the people's food had to be changed, and an adequate but not excessive ration assigned. If this had been left to politicians it is fairly certain that while there would have been waste in some directions, yet essential ingredients in the diet would have been left out, and we should have had outbreaks of scurvy, rickets, and dropsy such as occurred on the continent even where there was not actual starvation. But the politicians took the advice of some very competent biochemists, and rationing was a success. A hundred years ago one of Napoleon's armies was put on a cheap and portable diet drawn up by the best physiologists of that day. Some essential ingredients were left out with disastrous results. I fear that the results would be no better if we asked the psychologists of today to draw up a scheme of non-economic incentives to effort for a socialized industry. We should do much better to rely on men with practical experience of the fighting services, municipal enterprises, labor battalions in the war, and so on. But even a hundred years hence I think the psychologists might be quite as valuable as the "practical men."

For the moment then I believe that the man with a gift for thought on scientific lines is of more use to his fellows in the laboratory than out of it. He can work on clearly defined problems to which his really accurate if rather narrow type of thought can be applied. I know that this is little comfort to the unemployed workman or the war widow who watches the approach of the conflict that will claim her only son. But we have not yet got the general principles to apply to their problems, though we may applaud and support efforts to remedy individual evils. To take a problem which is much nearer solution, that of cancer, we can tell the sufferer to go to the surgeon, who will give him a sporting chance of recovery if the disease is not too far advanced. (The surgeon can cure about fifty percent of cases of cancer of the breast *if they come in time.*) But the surgeon's methods are rough and often ineffective, though we have every reason to think that in fifty years we shall be able to deal with this disease as we have with typhoid and smallpox. Yet few men who are dying of inoperable cancer will be cheered by the news that cancerous tissues have been shown to be capable of oxidizing sugars which ordinary tissues cannot, though this may be the clue to the ultimate prevention or cure of cancer.

To say that the scientific mind is still best employed outside politics is not of course an assertion that politics is only suited for fools. If I may conclude with some remarks on a subject of which I know no more than it is my duty as a voter to know, I would suggest that with the extension of the state's activities the organizing type of mind is becoming more necessary in politics than the emotional and sympathetic type which has led great causes in the past. When Great Britain makes its first experiments in Socialism we shall need in control of the nationalized industries the type of mind that has from time to time successfully reorganized the fighting services in the past. It will be the duty of the government to intrust them to such a person though he or she were as tongue-tied as Sir Eric Geddes and as adulterous as Samuel Pepys. Fortunately such a man or woman is quite as likely to rise to power by organizing a great trade union as by the paths which lead to success in the older parties. But as long as the principles of politics are unsystematized and incommunicable I for one shall continue to regard any political projects as interesting experiments which may promote human happiness but will certainly furnish important data for future use. Nothing can be more instructive than to read the forecasts which the more intelligent economists of the eighteenth century, Adam Smith in particular, made as to the effects of the economic system which was substantially adopted in the nineteenth. Smith foresaw the great increase of wealth and education. He did not predict the amazingly unequal distribution of incomes, the periodic waves of unemployment, the gigantic industrial conflicts. And until politics is a branch of science we shall do well to regard political and social reforms as experiments rather than short cuts to the millenium. The time scale of evolution so far has been the geological time scale in which we expect no substantial change in less than a hundred thousand years. We may be thankful if we have speeded up this process a thousand fold, and at the end of a long life can leave the world better than we found it.

J. B. S. HALDANE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Love

(Freely Adapted from the Tibetan)

YOU must learn to distinguish among at least three kinds of love (though there are seven in all): instinctive love, emotional love and conscious love. There is not much fear that you cannot learn the first two, but the third is rare and depends upon effort as well as intelligence. Instinctive love has chemistry as its base. All biology is chemistry, or perhaps we should say alchemistry; and the affinities of instinctive love, manifesting in the attractions, repulsions, mechanical and chemical combinations we call love, courtship, marriage, children and family, are only the human equivalents of a chemist's laboratory. But who is the chemist here? We call it Nature. But who is Nature? As little do we suspect as the camphor which is married to the banyan suspects a gardener. Yet there is a gardener. Instinctive love, being chemical, is as strong and lasts as long as the substances and qualities of which it is the manifestation. . . . These can be known and measured only by one who understands the alchemical progression we call heredity. Many have remarked that happy or unhappy marriages are hereditary. So too are the number of children, their sex, longevity, etc. The so-called science of astrology is only the science (when it is) of heredity over long periods.

Emotional love is not rooted in biology. It is, in fact, as often anti-biological in its character and direction. Instinctive love obeys the laws of biology, that is to say, chemistry, and proceeds by affinities. But emotional love is often the mutual attraction of dis-affinities and biological incongruities. Emotional love, when not accompanied by instinctive love, (as it seldom is) rarely results in offspring; and when it does, biology is not served. Strange creatures arise from the embraces of emotional love, mermen and mermaids, Bluebeards and des belles dames sans merci. Emotional love is not only short-lived, but it evokes its slayer. Such love creates hate in its object, if hatred is not already there. The emotional lover soon becomes an object of indifference and quickly thereafter of hatred. These are the tragedies of love emotional.

Conscious love rarely obtains between humans; but it can be illustrated in the relations of man to his favorites in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The development of the horse and the dog from their original state of nature; the cultivation of flowers and fruit—these are examples of a *primitive* form of conscious love, primitive because the motive is still egoistic and utilitarian. In short, Man has a personal use for the domesticated horse and the cultivated fruit; and his labor upon them cannot be said to be for love alone. The conscious love motive, in its developed state, is the wish that the object should arrive at its own native perfections, regardless of the consequences to the lover. "So she become perfectly herself, what matter I?" say the conscious lover, "I will go to hell if only she may go to heaven." And the paradox of the attitude is that such love always evokes a similar attitude in its object. Conscious love begets conscious love. It is rare among humans because, in the first place, the vast majority are children who look to be loved but not to love; secondly, because perfection is seldom conceived as the proper end of human love—though it alone distinguishes adult human from infantile and animal love; thirdly, because humans do not know, even if they wish, what is good for those they love; and fourthly, because it never occurs by chance, but must be the subject of resolve, effort, self-conscious choice. As little as Bushido or the Order of Chivalry grew up accidently does conscious love arise by nature. As these were works of art so must conscious love be a work of art. Such a lover enrolls himself, goes through his apprenticeship, and perhaps one day attains to mastery. He perfects himself in order that he may purely wish and aid the perfection of his beloved.

Would one enroll in this service of conscious love? Let him forswear personal desire and preconception. He contemplates his beloved. What manner of woman (or man) is she (or he)? A mystery is here: a scent of perfection the nascent air of which is adorable. How may this perfection be actualized—to the glory of the beloved and of God her Creator? Let him think, is he fit? He can only conclude that he is not. Who cannot cultivate flowers, or properly treat dogs and horses, how shall he learn to reveal the perfection still seedling in the beloved? Humility is necessary, and then deliberate tolerance. If I am not sure what is proper to her perfection, let her at least have free way to follow her own bent. Meanwhile to study—what she is, and may become; what she needs, what her soul craves and cannot find a name, still less, a thing for. To anticipate today her needs of tomorrow. And without a thought all the while of what her needs may mean to me. You will see, sons and daughters, what self-discipline and self-education are demanded here. Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare. The gods love each other consciously. Conscious lovers become gods.

Without shame people will boast that they have loved, do love or hope to love. As if love were enough, or could cover any multitude of sins. But love, as we have seen, when it is not conscious love—that is to say, love that aims to be both wise and able in the service of its object—is either an affinity or a dis-affinity, and in both cases equally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconscious, that is, uncontrolled. To be in such a state of love is to be dangerous either to oneself or to the other or to both. We are then polarized to a natural force (which has its own objects to serve regardless of ours) and charged with its force; and events are fortunate if we do not damage somebody in consequence of carrying dynamite carelessly. Love without knowledge and power is demoniac. Without knowledge it may destroy the beloved. Who has not seen many a beloved made wretched and ill by her or his "lover?" Without power the lover must become wretched, since he cannot do for his beloved what he wishes and knows to be for her delight. Men should pray to be spared the experience of love without wisdom and strength. Or, finding themselves in love, they should pray for knowledge and power to guide their love. Love is *not* enough.

"I love you," said the man. "Strange that I feel none the better for it," said the woman.

The truth about love is shown in the order in which religion has been introduced into the world. First came the religion of Power, then came the religion of Knowledge, and last came the religion of Love. Why this order? Because Love without the former qualities is dangerous. But this is not to say that the succession has been anything more than discretion: since Power alone, like Knowledge alone, is only less dangerous than Love alone. Perfection demands simultaneity in place of succession. The order is only evidence that since succession was imperative (man being subject to Time which is succession), it was better to begin with the less dangerous dictators and leave Love to the last. A certain prudent man, when he felt himself to be in love, hung a little bell round his neck to caution women that he was dangerous. Unfortunately for themselves they took too much notice of it; and he suffered accordingly.

Until you have wisdom and power equal to your love, be ashamed, my sons and daughters, to avow that you are in love. Or, since you cannot conceal it, love humbly and study to be wise and strong. Aim to be worthy to be in love.

All true lovers are invulnerable to everybody but their beloved. This comes about not by wish or effort but by the fact of true, ie., whole, love alone. Temptation has not to be overcome; it is not experienced. The invulnerability is magical. Moreover, it occurs more often than is usually supposed. Because "unfaithfulness" is manifested, the conclusion is drawn that invulnerability does not exist. But "infidelity" is not necessarily due to temptation, but possibly and often to indifference; and there is no Fall where there is no Temptation. Men should learn to discriminate in themselves and in women real and assumed invulnerability. The latter, however eloquent, is due to fear. Only the former is the fruit of love. A certain prudent man, desiring, as all men and women do in their hearts, invulnerability in himself and in the woman he loved, set about it in the following way. He tasted of many women and urged his beloved to taste of many men. After a few years he was satisfied that nothing now could tempt him. She, on the other hand, had had no doubt of herself from the beginning. She had been born invulnerable; he had attained it.

The state of being in love is not always defined in relation to one object. One person has the talisman of raising another to the plane of love (that is, of polarizing him or her with the natural energy of love); but he or she may not be then either the sole beloved or, indeed, the beloved at all. There are, among people as among chemical substances, agents of catalysis which make possible interchanges and combinations into which the catalysts themselves do not enter. Frequently they are unrecognized by the parties affected, and usually by themselves as well. In the village of Bor-na, not far from Lhassa, there once lived a man who was such a catalyst. People who spoke with him instantly fell in love, but not with him or, indeed, immediately with anybody in particular. All that they were aware of was that they had, after conversation with him, an active spirit of love which was ready to pour itself out in loving service. The European troubadours were perhaps such people.

There is no necessary relation between love and children; but there is a necessary relation between love and creation. Love is for creation; and if creation is not possible, then for procreation; and if even that is not possible, then for creations of which, perhaps fortunately, we are unconscious. Take it, however, as the fundamental truth about Love: that it always creates. Love created the world; and not all its works are beautiful! The procreation of children is the particular function of instinctive love: that is its plane. But above and below this plane, other kinds of love have other functions. Emotional love is usually instinctive love out of place; and its procreations are in consequence misfits in the world. The higher forms of love, on the other hand, either exclude procreation not artificially but naturally or include it only as a by-product. Neither the purpose nor the function of conscious love is children; unless we take the word in the mystic sense of becoming as little children. For briefly, the aim of conscious love is to bring about re-birth, or spiritual childhood. Everybody with perceptions beyond those of male and female must be aware of the change that comes over the man or woman, however old in years, who loves. It is usually instinctive; yet it symbolizes the still more marvelous change occurring when a man or woman loves consciously or is aware of being consciously loved. The youth in such cases has all the air of eternity: and it is, indeed, the divine youth. The creation of such a spiritual child in each of the two lovers is the peculiar function of conscious love; and it depends neither upon marriage nor upon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children. There are other creations proper to still higher degrees of love; but they must remain untold until we have become as little children.

We are not one but three in one; and the fact is represented in our physiological make-up. The three main systems, cerebral, nervous and instinctive, exist side by side, sometimes appearing to co-operate, but more often failing, and usually at cross-purposes. In relation to the external world it depends upon the system in charge of the organism at the moment what the response to any given stimulus will be. If the cerebral system is on duty —that is, temporarily in charge of the organism— the response will be one. If the nervous or instinctive system is alone awake, the replies will be different. Three quite different people, each with his own ideas of how his organism should act, exist in us at once: and usually they refuse to co-operate with each other, and, in fact, get in each other's way. Now imagine such an organism, tenanted by three squabbling persons, to "fall in love." *What* has fallen in love; or, rather, which of the three? It seldom happens that all three are in love at the same time or with the same object. One is in love, the others are not; and either they resist or when the lover is off guard make his organism unfaithful (driving the poor lover to lies and deceit or self-reproach); or they are forced into submission, battered into acquiescence. In such circumstances, which every candid reader will recognize, what is a lover?

You imagine that you are continent because you have refrained from sex-relations; but continence is of the senses as well as of the organs, and of the eyes chiefly. From each of the senses there streams energy—energy as various as the man himself. It is not only possible but it is certain that we can expend ourselves intellectually, emotionally or sexually through any one of the senses. To look with lust is much more than simply to look: it is to expend one of the finer substances of which complete sex-energy is composed; something passes in the act of vision which is irrecoverable; and for the want of it the subsequent sex-life is incomplete. It is the same with the other senses, though less easily realized. In short, it is possible to become completely impotent by means of the senses alone—yes, by the eyes alone—while remaining continent in the ordinary meaning of the word.

The chastity of the senses is natural in a few people; but by the many it must be acquired if it is to become common. Under the greatest civilization human history has yet known, the capital of which was the city whose poor remains are Bagdad, the chastity of the senses was taught from early childhood. Each sense was carefully trained; and exercises were devised to enable pupils to discriminate the different emanations arriving from sense perceptions intellectually, emotionally, instinctively or erotically motived. From this education people acquired the power of directing their senses, with the result that chastity was at least possible, since it was under control. Eroticism thereby became an art, in the highest form the world has seen. Its faint echoes are to be found in Persian and Sufi literature today.

Bluebeard and La Belle Dame are the male and female types respectively of the same psychology— inspirers of hopeless because unrequitable passion. The decapitated ladies who hung round Bluebeard's chamber were really about his neck; and they had only to let go to be free. Similarly the pale warriors and princes in the cave of La Belle Dame were there by choice, if an irresistible attraction can be called choice. The legends present Bluebeard and La Belle Dame from the point of view of their escaped victims, that is to say, as monsters delighting in erotic sacrifice. But both were as much victims as their titular victims; and both suffered as much if not more. In such cases of uncontrolled attraction, power passes through the medium who thus becomes formidably magnetic; and men and women in sympathetic relation are drawn towards him or her like filings towards a magnet. At first, no doubt, the experiences of a Bluebeard or La Belle Dame are pleasant and fortifying to self-pride and self-vanity. The other sex is at their feet. But when, having realized that the power is neither their own nor under their control, they discover that they too are victims, the early satisfaction is dearly paid for. The cure for all parties is difficult. It consists in the reëducation of the body and the senses.

Love without divination is elementary. To be in love demands that the lover shall divine the wishes of the beloved long before they have come into the beloved's own consciousness. He knows her better than she knows herself; and loves her more than she loves herself; so that she becomes her perfect self without her own conscious effort. *Her* conscious effort, when the love is mutual, is for him. Thus each delightfully works perfection in the other.

But this state is not ordinarily attained in nature; it is the fruit of art, of self-training. All people desire it, even the most cynical; but since it seldom occurs by chance, and nobody has published the key to its creation, the vast majority doubt even its possibility. Nevertheless it is possible, provided that the parties can learn and teach humbly. How to begin? Let the lover when he is about to see his beloved think what he should take, do, or say so as to give her a delightful surprise. At first it will necessarily be a surprise that is not a complete surprise; that is to say, she will have been aware of her wish, and only delighted that her lover had guessed it. Later the delightful surprise may really surprise her; and her remark will be: "How did you know I should be pleased, since I should never have guessed it myself?" Constant efforts to anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cipate the nascent wishes of the beloved while they are still unconscious needs are the means to conscious love.

Take hold tightly; let go lightly. This is one of the great secrets of felicity in love. For every Romeo and Juliet tragedy arising from the external cirumstances of the two parties, a thousand tragedies arise from the circumstances created by the lovers themselves. As they seldom know the moment or the way to "take hold" of each other, so they even more rarely know the way or the moment to "let go." The ravines of Mount Never (i.e., Venusberg) are filled with lovers who cannot leave each other. Each wishes to let go, but the other will not permit it. There are various explanations of this unhappy state of affairs. In most instances the approach has been wrong: that is to say, the parties have leapt into union without thought of the way out. Often the first five minutes of the lovers' *first* meeting are decisive of the whole future of the relations. In some instances the original relation has been responsible for the subsequent difficulty of "letting go"; it should never have been; or not have been in the precise circumstances of its occurrence. Mistimed relations always cause trouble. In other cases the difficulty is due to difference in age, education or "past." One is afraid to "let go" because it appears to be the last hope or because too much time has already been spent on it, or because it has been the best up to date, or because his "ideal," created by education, demands eternal fidelity even where it is not possible because it is not desired by both; or because one is oversensitive from past experience and cannot face another failure or because the flesh being willing the spirit is weak; i. e., neither party can use a knife; or because circumstances are unfavorable, i. e., the parties must continue to see each other; or because of imagination, as when one or the other pictures the happiness of the other without him or her. There are a thousand explanations, and every one of them, while sufficient as cause is quite inadequate as reason, the fact being that when one of the parties desires to separate the other's love-duty is to "let go." Great love can both let go and take hold.

Jealousy is the dragon in paradise; the hell of heaven; and the most bitter of the emotions because associated with the sweetest. There is a specific against jealousy, namely, conscious love: but this remedy is harder to find than the disease is to endure. But there are palliatives of which the first therapeutic condition is the recognition of the disease and the second the wish to cure oneself. In these circumstances let the sufferer deliberately experiment. Much may be forgiven him or her during this process. He may, for instance, try to forward the new plans of his former beloved—but this is difficult without obvious hypocrisy. Or he may plunge into new society. Or he may engage himself in a new work that demands all his energy. Or he may cast a spell on his memory and regard his former beloved as dead; or as having become his sister; or as having gone away on a long journey; or as having become enchanted. Best, however, if he "let go" completely with no lingering hope of ever meeting her again.

Be comforted. Our life is but one day of our Life. If not today, tomorrow! Let go!

A. R. ORAGE.

Prayer After Youth

Oh gods of all enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising
Of the fearful blood or the quick brain
Here puzzling in the dark in vain
How I may live, how I may not die
While the bright days fall silently
And one by one through a cold heaven
The bright years fall that I am given
Out of silence and out of sound
Before I turn me back to ground.

Oh falling of water, passing of wind,
Hear this now—the blood is thinned,
The blue broods lower, the night clings
All day long to the cumbered wings,
And late or soon but sooner now
The singing grass and the singing bough
Where my eternal summer was
I shall not find in tree or grass.
No, though the flickering dancers run
Endless ever through shadow and sun
And laughter slips along the dusk
And lover on lover turns to ask
What was given before words were,
Though wine be dark and lips be myrrh
And I live still and look on this
I shall be hollow as emptiness,
And the shadows before my eyes
Will be shadows of memories.

Oh mist of rivers running with death,
Hear this now, this is my breath
Crying forever, crying in fear
Of the eternal messenger
Whispering to me in a near night:
Oh, now look backward to delight;
Whispering, in the brain's chamber—
What was yours you may remember,
Still the long bolt of your weaving
May unroll for your deceiving,
But the years' meridian
Passes and comes not again,
And ever lower the pole-star
Rides behind the mariner.

Oh, all gods of enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising . . .

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Schools in Turkey

UNDOUBTEDLY the direct American interest in Turkey centers in the numerous and important educational institutions which American religious bodies have founded in that country. An American concerned about the fortunes of these schools is likely to think of the action of the Turkish government (too often of an arbitrary nature) as if American schools exhausted the problem of Turkey with respect to foreign schools. The Turk on the contrary thinks of American schools in terms of his experience with a variety of other foreign schools which far outnumber the American. Hence a growth of misunderstandings on both sides. I want in this article to say something about the larger educational problem within which the question of American schools has to be placed.

In the first place, by far the greater number of foreign schools in Turkey have been Armenian and Greek; these schools of course have been religious or parochial ones. In the case of Greek schools in particular, the school teacher has been in the past, along with the priest, the propagandist of "The Greek Idea"—namely a new Greek state, including a large part of Asia Minor as well as all of Macedonia, and having Constantinople as its capital. Armenian schools with Armenian churches were the chief instruments in getting and nurturing Armenian nationalism. It is not surprising therefore that the Turks are antecedently disposed to approach the question of all foreign schools with suspicion as to their bias. There is a presumption that any foreign school has designs which are hostile to Turkish nationalism. And while they are willing to acquit American schools of political designs, it is hard for them to free their minds from the idea that they have some concealed purpose—a feeling strengthened by the fact that these schools were started under religious auspices which in Turkish experience have always been anti-Turkish. At first hearing, it is strange to learn that in most respects the still remaining Greek and Armenian schools face a simpler problem than other foreign schools. But the explanation is easy. They have as pupils only their own nationals; they are "community" schools, and Turkey is habituated to the idea of foreign communities retaining their own language, religion, and customs. There is no danger of religious proselytism, for they have no Moslem students; their teachers are examined and receive their licenses to teach from the Turkish ministry of education; their courses of study and methods are supervised and controlled. Moreover the spirit of Greek and Armenian nationalism within Turkey is now so broken that there is no immediate fear of its revival.

Next in importance and also outnumbering the American schools are those of French origin. Before the war there were over a million pupils in the empire of Turkey in schools under French management, and over two million persons a year secured relief or assistance in French hospitals, clinics and charitable institutions. These institutions, even though under private and religious control, were subsidized liberally by the French governmental funds. Europeans in general as well as the Turks take it for granted that educational and religious enterprises have economical and political ends to subserve, and are frankly incredulous of American claims that our schools have no such aims. French influence was increased by the fact that the chief and for a long time, under Abdul Hamid, the only Turkish public secondary school had a French director, gave all its courses of instruction in the French language, and, although a Turkish governmental school, was liberally subsidized by the French government. Even now, although the French directorate and even sub-directorate have been abolished by the new Turkish nationalism, and only sciences are taught in French, the French government pays the salaries of teachers of the French language. This school, the Galata-Serail, has been, I should say, the chief single influence in disseminating western and liberal ideas among the Turks, and has played an honorable rôle in the formation of the New Turkey. Yet its whole record is such as to strengthen in the minds of the Turks the belief that any educational undertaking supported in Turkey by foreigners has political motives and governmental direction back of it.

But, of course, the chief factor in determining the political slant of French educational and religious activities has been the claim of France since the middle of the sixteenth century to be the protector of all non-Moslem religious interests in the Near East, a claim once recognized officially by Turkey, and, after it had been reduced to a protectorate of Roman Catholic interests, confirmed by the Pope. This claim, it is hardly too much to say, has been the corner-stone of French diplomacy in the Near East, and since it has been supported by French cabinets that were openly anti-clerical in domestic affairs, it has correspondingly strengthened the Turkish belief that no foreign cultural undertaking it simply educational or philanthropic in nature. Of late, the situation is complicated by increasing rivalry between France and Italy. As a French writer naively expresses it, when Catholic interests in Turkey which are under French auspices receive a check, the papacy in its religious character is grieved but in its Italian aspect rejoices. It is openly asserted that French schools, even those conducted by clerics, are more devoted to propaganda of French "culture" than of Catholic religion. It is rumored

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the Roman church is quite willing to get rid of the embarrassing union of French ambitions with religious aims, and would be glad to come to an agreement with the Turkish government that Catholic schools confine themselves to teaching those who are already of the Catholic persuasion. On the other hand, the Turks were suspicious of the distinctively Italian schools which had been opened along the Anatolian littoral. When it closed them the Italian authorities were told that since they claimed their aims were purely humanitarian, they might open schools in the interior, but not in any district which at any previous time had been claimed as an Italian sphere of influence.

This inadequate sketch should at least make it clear that the Turks approach the question of the activities of American educational institutions with adverse preconceptions which have a certain amount of justification in their experience with the schools of other foreign nationalities, and that American schools have offered less than those of these other countries. But, while Americans are acquitted of aggressive political ambitions, there is not the same assurance about the religious character of their schools. And although the Moslem is such a hopeless case from the standpoint of proselytism and conversion that missionary schools have for many years done nothing in that direction, this very fact has created an additional source of friction. The outstanding fact in the record of American schools in Turkey is that they have devoted themselves chiefly to the education of Armenians, Greeks and Bulgarians, in other words to those elements of the population which were always the tacit and often the open enemies of Turkey. It was humanly impossible that, as Turkish nationalism developed and finally won a military triumph, the memory of this fact should not make the Turkish government doubtful about the value to the nation of American schools, while it rendered the Turk oversensitive to any sign on the part of any American teacher of favoritism to any anti-Turkish national group.

Given the fact that these schools were conducted under missionary auspices and with religious aims, and given the obduracy of the Moslem believer to conversion, this state of affairs could hardly have been avoided, so that appraisal of praise or blame for what has happened in the past is not worth while. But there is a problem which in my judgment is fundamental for the future and which must be faced. It may be stated as a dilemma. If the religious purpose is to continue to dominate American schools or even to color them in any marked way (and the same thing holds of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.) American institutions will continue to deal mainly with non-Turkish elements in the population, and hence remain an essentially alien and suspected factor in the Turkish body politic. On the other hand, these institutions can play an immensely useful rôle in the modernization of Turkey on condition that they devote themselves primarily to education of Turkish young men and women—a condition which definitely means the complete subordination of Christian religious aims, and the surrender of the schools, in spirit as well as in outward form, to secular social and scientific methods. I may of course have a wrong understanding of the situation, but to the best of my belief this dilemma is a flat one. Any failure to meet it or effort to straddle it will result in continued friction between American and Turkish interests, and service which American ideas and ideals are capable of rendering at a critical juncture to the experiment of transforming Turkey. And it hardly need be said that the success or failure of this experiment, in view of the consequences both in the Near East and in the Moslem world, is of immense import to the future peace of the world.

A Turkish—and of course Moslem—graduate of an American school in Turkey said to me that if in the two generations of its existence in Turkey that particular higher institution had turned out four hundred men trained to be leaders in Turkish schools and civil administration, Turkey would soon be made over. He made the point of his remark clearer by saying that if this school had, through its graduates, done as much for Turkey as it had done for the neighboring state of Bulgaria, the whole social and economic outlook of Turkey would be radically different to what it actually is. In many ways, he went on to say, the very fact that American schools had done so much more for minority elements in the population than they had done for the Turkish had worked harm to both the minority and the Turkish elements. It was an indispensable condition of peace, mutual understanding and harmony that all factors in the population should either have remained on the same level of ignorance or else should have progressed together. But American schools had developed democratic ideals among the Greeks and Armenians in Turkey, had given them modern ideas, aroused their initiative and equipped them with the tools of modern life, while the Turks had been left practically in their mediæval state of mind.

The result was two-fold. The Greeks and Armenians were naturally stimulated to work for their political independence, which in turn created the hostility of the Turks, and the Turks, seeing themselves outstripped in industry and commerce because of the modern education of Greeks and Armenians, were roused to envy and hatred which easily were fanned into the flames of war and massacre. I shall not forget the earnestness with which he assured me that if all the factors in the population had remained in the same condition of ignorance and backwardness, the various nationalities would still be getting along reasonably well together.

The point was made without resentment. I have never seen any persons as objective as are educated Turks in discussing their wrongs, a fact connected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly with their fatalistic philosophy. It was made in connection with a discussion of what these schools are to be and do in the future, and in that reference it is most significant. If American schools in Turkey, because they have been founded under missionary auspices, are bound to perpetuate the old distinction between Christian and non-Christian and to be anti-Turk because they are pro-Christian, I cannot see that they will accomplish a great deal for Turkey, and it is reasonably certain that they will be points of diplomatic friction, with a tendency, as far as it goes, to strain political and economic relations between the United States and Turkey. On the other hand, what these schools have done in the way of enlightening and liberating non-Turkish elements is sufficient proof of what they can do for Turkey if they make it their main business to discover and educate, irrespective of religious belief, the able Turkish young men and women who are to be the intellectual and social leaders of future Turkey.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Antiquary

THERE are some writers who have entirely ceased to influence others, whose fame is for that reason both serene and cloudless, who are enjoyed or neglected rather than criticized and read. Among them is Scott. The most impressionable beginner, whose pen oscillates if exposed within a mile of the influence of Stendhal, Flaubert, Henry James, or Chekhov, can read the Waverley novels one after another without altering an adjective. Yet there are no books perhaps upon which at this moment more thousands of readers are brooding and feasting in a rapture of silent satisfaction. The Antiquary, The Bride of Lammermoor, Redgauntlet, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian—what can one do when one has finished the last but wait a decent interval and then begin again upon the first?

Uncritical and silent enjoyment—does this not imply that the Waverley novel reading habit has something vicious about it, that one keeps it private, does not wish to share it, nor feel altogether sure that one can defend it? What can be said, for instance, in favor of Scott's style? Every page of every masterpiece is watered down with long languid Latin words: peruse, manifest, evince; the sea in the heat of a crisis is "the devouring element"; a gull on the same occasion a "winged denizen of the crag." But this only shows that Scott, like most great novelists, wrote in pages, not in sentences, and had at his command, and knew the season when to use, styles of different qualities, genteel penmanship included. These slips and slovenlinesses are pauses, changes of attitude to uncramp the muscles which give the reader breathing space and air the book. Moreover, it is only perfunctorily that one either notices or condemns them; read currently, in their places, as Scott uses them, they fulfill their purpose and merge perfectly with their surroundings. Let us compare Scott the slovenly with Stevenson the precise, and it cannot be denied that though we get from Stevenson a much closer idea of a single object, we get from Scott an incomparably more vivid impression of the whole. The storm in The Antiquary, which is made up of all sorts of pieces of cardboard and horsehair—"denizens of the crags," "clouds like disasters around a sinking empire"—swept together in haste, roars and splashes and almost devours the group huddled on the crag; but the storm in "Kidnapped," with its conscientious detail and its neat dapper adjectives, never so much as wets the sole of a lady's slipper.

The much more serious charge against Scott is that he used the wrong pen, the genteel pen, not merely to fill in backgrounds and dash in a cloud piece, but to describe the intricacies and passions of the human heart. But what language to use of the Lovels and Isabellas, the Darsies, Ediths, and Mortons! As well talk of the hearts of seagulls and the passions and intricacies of walking-sticks and umbrellas; for indeed these ladies and gentlemen are scarcely to be distinguished from the winged denizens of the crag. They are equally futile; equally impotent; they squeak; they flutter; and a strong smell of camphor exudes from their poor dried breasts when, with a dismal croaking and cawing, they emit the astonishing language of their love-making.

"Without my father's consent, I will never entertain the addresses of anyone; and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honor me, you are yourself fully aware," says the young lady. "Do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigor of obliging me to disavow them," replies the young gentleman. And he may be illegitimate, and he may be the son of a peer, and he may be both one and the other, but it would take a far stronger inducement than that to make us care a straw what happens to Lovel and his Isabella.

But then, after all, we are not meant to care a straw. Having pacified his conscience as a magistrate by alluding to the sentiments of the upper classes in tones of respect and esteem, and having vindicated his character as an artist by awakening "the better feelings and sympathies of his readers by strains of generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe," which alone, Scott wrote, justifies the perusal of fiction, he was quit both of art and of morals, and could scribble on for his own amusement. Never was a change more emphatic; never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one more wholly to the good. One is tempted indeed to suppose that he did it half-consciously on purpose—showed up the languor of the fine gentlemen who bored him by the immense vivacity of the common people whom he loved. Images, anecdotes, illustrations drawn from sea, sky, and earth, race and bubble from their lips. They shoot every thought as it flies, and bring it tumbling to the ground in metaphor. Sometimes it is a phrase—"at the back of a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave"; sometimes a proverb—"he'll no can haud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon"; always the dialogue is sharpened and pointed by the use of that Scottish dialect which is at once so homely and so pungent, so colloquial and so passionate and melancholy into the bargain. And the result of this life on the one side, that languor on the other, is strange. For since the sovereigns who should preside have abdicated, since we are afloat on a broad and breezy sea without a pilot, the Waverley novels are as unmoral as Shakespeare's plays.

We know what Scott's characters thought, and we know it almost as we know what our friends think by supplementing what they say as they speak, by watching their faces, hearing their voices, by remembering, constructing, and putting two and two together. However often one may have read The Antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck is made afresh each time. We notice different things, we make him up a little differently at every reading, and it is for this reason that Scott's characters are so various and so vital. So it is with Shakespeare's characters, so it is with Jane Austen's. But speech is essential; it is only when Scott's characters speak that they are alive, for it is inconceivable that they ever sat down and thought, and as for prying into their minds or drawing inferences from their behavior, he was far too true a gentleman to attempt it. "Miss Wardour, as if she felt she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage"—that is the furthest he will go himself, and it is not, of course, very far. But this matters the less because the characters he cared for were by temperament chatterboxes; Edie Ochiltree, Oldbuck, Mrs. Mucklebackit talk incessantly; they turn and twist their characters as they talk, or, if they stop talking, it is only to act, which reveals them still further—active, ablebodied people as they are, out in all weathers, horsemen, soldiers, gipsy women, fishermen. By their talk and by their acts—that is how we know them.

But how far, then, can we know people if we know only that they say this and do that, if they never talk about themselves, and their creator lets them go their ways in complete independence of his supervision or interference? Are they not all of them, Ochiltrees, Antiquaries, Meg Merrilies, and Dandie Dinmonts, merely bundles of humors and good humors, innocent, childish humors at that, who serve to beguile our dull hours and share our sick ones, and are packed off to the nursery when the working day returns and our normal faculties crave something tough to set their teeth into? Indeed, the Waverley reader must admit, there is a simplicity in them; a sanity, a complete lack of subtlety which, just as the Scotch dialect charms and the coaches and the highwaymen allure, may be adventitious snares, charming us who have grown so used to a more sophisticated art. But first this chatter and gossip contain within them, packed like a fairy's wardrobe in a nutshell, a host of observations, subtle, and profound enough should we trouble to spread them out; and next this transparent stream through which we see stones, weeds, and minnows at the bottom, becomes without warning the sea, the deep, the inscrutable, the universal ocean on which we put out with the greatest only. Thus it is in the cottage where Steenie Mucklebackit lies dead; the father's grief, the mother's irritability, the minister's stealthy walk all come together, tragic, comic, irrelevant, drawn one knows not how, to make a whole, to make a complete presentation of life, which Scott creates carelessly always, without a word of comment, as if the parts grew together without his willing it, and broke into ruin again without his caring.

For who taps at the door and destroys that memorable scene? The cadaverous Earl of Glenallan; the unhappy nobleman who, years ago, had married his sister in the belief that she was his cousin, in horror at which she had jumped off a cliff and left him to wear the sables for ever. Romance breaks in; the peerage breaks in, all the trappings of the undertaker and the heralds' office in combination. True, there is a sort of charm in these absurdities now that the dust is thick on them and the colors dim; but judged squarely we must admit them vapid and thin; tiresome in the ravelling and the unravelling; a ceremonious posturing with cloaks and swords upon a Gothic background. What, indeed, is more capricious than the romance of human relations? What changes more swiftly from year to year? And Scott with his formal, old-fashioned approach to the mysteries of the heart, was not the one to break the seals and pierce the depths. His romance is nature's romance. It is the romance of hunted men, hiding in woods at night; of brigs standing out to sea; of waves breaking in the moonlight; of solitary sands and distant horsemen; of violence and suspense. This survives; this, which is not so profound or so moving as the other, but if we remember the excitement of the moment, and the flying beauty of the landscape, and the abundance and the freedom and the groups round inn-tables, and the talk—above all the talk—hostlers talking, old beggars talking, gypsies talking, post-mistresses talking, as if they would talk their hearts out, then how can we deny him a place among the highest And the only question to be decided is which to read next, Waverly or The Bride of Lammermoor?

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Desire Under the Elms

Desire Under the Elms. A play in three parts by Eugene O'Neill. Directed and staged by Robert Edmond Jones. New York: The Greenwich Village Theatre.

THE curtain goes up on Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Desire Under the Elms at the Greenwich Village Theatre, revealing the rear end of a two-story New England farmhouse, white clapboards, with four windows marked by dilapidated green blinds. The windows open into four rooms which are further revealed in various sucession by dropping sections of the confronting wall. Obviously this is a treatment of the stage which has great advantages especially in a linear narrative play such as Mr. O'Neill's. Mr. Jones has made four, or counting the space at the foot of the house wall, five little stages grow where one grew before; and the action of the play slips easily from room to room without delay for changes of scene. Again, the wall arouses a high sense of expectancy. One can never tell at what point, or on what level, the action will break out next. Unfortunately it must be admitted that the device is better suited to the spaces of the Hippodrome than of a little theatre. Like the staircase in Mr. Jones's setting of Hamlet for John Barrymore, the wall fills the scene, and cramps the action. Drawn to scale the actors should be about three feet tall. The effect is particularly ambiguous in the upper rooms, under the slanting roof which emphasises the comedy of three burly farmers in or on the bed in Part I, while it dwarfs the tragedy of the conubial relations in the chamber on the other side of the wall. It must be said that Mr. Jones has used his perpendicular stage with great skill, to minimize its difficulties and enchance its possibilities. The ensemble scene in Part III, in which a dozen or more people are gathered to make merry in the living room and actually give the perspective of a Virginia reel, is a marvel of economy of space, and should be carefully studied by housing experts of congested districts. Again in the scene referred to between husband and wife, the exposure of the adjacent room with the figure of the listening boy enlarges the scene almost to tragic dimensions, and gives a poignant revelation of simultaneous life which counteracts the narrowing effect of the crowding walls. It is in such moments that the value of Mr. Jones's arrangements is greatest and the power of the play most enhanced. Mr. Jones treats his stage as an orchestra. Now the glimpses of action within are a pizzicato accompaniment to the action outside, and again a face at a window is the enunciation of the theme in the clear notes of a flute or oboe. In the former scenes he sometimes recalls the effect of the house of Agamemnon in Von Hofmannsthal's Elektra, with its hurrying movements, flitting lights, and tragic faces looking out. His stark whitewashed exterior with its sinister openings is tragic; his interior, mean and circumscribed, reflects, and, quite without ironical intention, emphasizes the limitations of tragedy in New England.

So much is to be said of the setting because it is thoroughly characteristic of the play in its success and its shortcomings. Mr. O'Neill has placed the Greek motive of incest in his New England setting. Ephraim Cabot at seventy-six brings his third wife, Abby Putnam, to the farm which he has worked by the slave labor of his three sons. The two older decamp for California, after selling their rights to inheritance to their younger half brother, Eben, who has discovered and stolen their father's hoard of gold pieces. There has been a dispute as to the ownership of the farm between Ephraim and his second wife, and her son stays to defend her dead right. The new wife is strong in the possessive instinct. When she sees that to bear a child is her way of securing the inheritance she tries to seduce Eben. The boy, already awakened, turns from her with loathing, but led by the spirit of his mother he yields to a woman who promises him mother love as well as lover's joy. The neighbors, when they gather to celebrate the advent of the new born, are full of suspicion and innuendo, with a penetration which rather surpasses even the New England sense of scandal. Eben can take no part in the merry making, and provokes his father to boast that he has begotten this son to deprive him of his inheritance. Once more his love of his step-mother turns to loathing. She now loves Eben, and seeing no other way to convince him, misled by his vague words of killing which he means to apply to his father, she smothers the baby which Eben loves for his own. The stolen gold plot is revived when the old man discovers his loss. And Eben is convinced, and goes with Abby to take his part in the punishment for their common crime.

Clearly we have here many motives—paternal jealousy, stolen gold, ghostly mother love, filial and paternal hate, the desire of possession, sexual passion. There are too many to lie evenly within the frame, much less to grow and develop. As Mr. Jones tries to do too much with a small stage, so Mr. O'Neill tries to do too much in a brief play. As the action is cramped, so is the psychology. Abby has revealed her mercenary hand too clearly for Eben to fall to her even with the ghostly assistance of his mother. Ephraim's revelation of Abby's motive lacks sufficient introduction, even with the old man's drunkenness. And the break-down of Abby's strong commonsense seems arbitrary, even with her recent experience of childbirth. That we have to pause to think of these extenuating circumstances puts the drama under a partial eclipse. But at the edges there are flashes of intolerable light. By moments there is great and unique dramatic power. The exterior of Mr. O'Neill's play, like the exterior of Mr. Jones's setting, is stark and simple tragedy. The interior, the mind in which these human interests and emotions live and work, is huddled and confused.

Another question arises in connection with this revelation of a Greek tragic theme in New England—that is, in the matter of language. The New England dialect is not a noble form of human speech. Unlike certain other spoken variants of English, notably the Irish, the Scotch, the South English dialects, it has no resources of eloquence within itself; it is sparse, mean, homely, and in its associations comic. Gerhardt Hauptmann was confronted by this difference in the native quality of speech; he used the dialect of Silesian peasants in the tragedy of Die Weber; that of Berlin, in the comedies of Biberpelz and Der Rote Hahn. Again, the natural inaptitude of American actors for dialect is to be considered. Mr. Huston as Ephraim Cabot is the only member of the company whose mastery of his tongue is easy and assured; and his lines, often possessing the dignity of scripture quotation, are finely delivered. In other portions of the cast the dialect wore pretty thin. Miss Mary Morris, indeed, does not need to speak to send her personality over to the audience. The look of her is all sufficient, especially in Part III where her blighted face and ravaged eyes make a portrait not easily forgotten.

R. M. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Is the Corridor Polish?

SIR: In a recent number of the New Republic Mr. Amandus Johnson of Philadelphia takes issue with certain statements of mine with respect of the racial character of the population of the Polish Corridor and addresses to me various interrogations as to my views on the variety of subjects.

First, Mr. Johnson opposes statistics which I quoted from the Polish census of 1921, showing the overwhelmingly Polish character of the inhabitants of the Polish Corridor by those of the German census for 1900 for the whole of West Prussia, disclosing an opposing condition. Agreeing that both sets of statistics might be regarded as equally suspect, since both are official, I suggest that a fair test of relative accuracy would be reference to any ethnographic map, all of which, German included, so far as I know, testify to the Polish character of the population not of all of West Prussia but of the Corridor.

Secondly, Mr. Johnson asks: "Can Mr. Simonds refer to a single line in his voluminous writings where he protests, of course not vehemently, but even mildly, against the transfer of 300,000 German speaking Tyrolese in the Upper Adige to Italy or the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Saar to France?"

Unfortunately, I have not at hand any file of my various articles which Mr. Johnson quite correctly describes as voluminous, alas, too voluminous, but by chance I come across a summary of the settlements printed in the Review of Reviews of August, 1919, where under the caption of Rights and Wrongs, I wrote:

> We have for example promised to bestow upon Italy a quarter of a million Germans in the Tyrol and nearly half a million Jugo-Slavs in the hinterlands of Istria and Trieste. But these same Germans, these Tyrolese, successfully fought Napoleon when he divided them between Italy and Bavaria, and we have recent knowledge of the failure of Europe to make the Serbs accept the cession of the Bosnian Serbs to Austria Hungary.

As to the Saar Basin, it is not the fact, of course, that 750,000 Germans were handed over to France, as Mr. Johnson asserts. What happened was that the Saar district was created and placed under the supervision of the League of Nations pending a plebiscite in 1923 to determine the final disposition of the area. Of this transaction I wrote in the same article:

> France receives back Alsace-Lorraine, which was her right, but her sole further territorial gain is a wholly limited tenure of the Saar Basin which has an area of a little more than 700 square miles and a population of approximately 600,000. She gets this, too, not in the furtherance of territorial aspirations, but in return for German destruction of her own coal districts. Her warrant for a plebiscite lies in the fact that nearly half of the territory was once French and was taken by Prussia after Napoleon fell against the will of the people.
>
> In my judgment all the Saar Basin, save perhaps Sarrelouis, Ney's birthplace, which has preserved a real French sentiment, will ultimately return to Germany. I do not believe any French government would be strong enough to hold it against the will of the inhabitants at the end of the allotted time, for I am certain that the French people would prefer to see it German again rather than to create a new Alsace-Lorraine, a tiny one to be sure, but no less undesirable.

These quotations taken from an article written more than five years ago and just after the Treaty of Versailles was signed seem to me to give a very clear statement of my view that the transfer of the Tyrolese was a wrong and that a similar transfer of the Germans of the Saar would be equally inequitable. My present judgment, based upon the events of the past five years, is that the provision for a plebiscite was founded on false premises and that the Germans of the Saar should be returned to Germany without the plebiscite at the end of the treaty period.

Thirdly, Mr. Johnson challenges my use of the term Pomerania to describe the Corridor, and writes: "Surely Mr. Simonds knows that Pomerania proper has not belonged to Poland since the Dark Ages." Yes, Mr. Simonds did know that, but the Poles in taking over the Corridor district organized it into a civil unit upon which they bestowed the name of Pomerania and in quoting from the Polish census I merely employed the contemporary official designation of the area.

Fourthly, Mr. Johnson demands to know when the will of the people of the Corridor was expressed as to the transfer to Poland. I had thought that the resistance to the Prussian rule of the Poles in the territories taken by the Prussians as a consequence of the partitions was one of the best authenticated facts in modern history to which both German writers and Prussian laws had furnished enduring proof.

Fifthly, Mr. Johnson raises the question of Upper Silesia. Now it is true that a majority of the people in the whole plebiscite area favored Germany, but the Treaty of Versailles expressly provided that the final allocation should be made with regard to the local vote, and in the area actually assigned to Poland by the League of Nations a majority of the people had elected for the Polish sovereignty.

Sixthly, Mr. Johnson inquires if I heard of the persecution of German minorities in Poland. Yes, I have heard such reports, and that would seem to me an excellent reason why no territories having German majorities should now or hereafter be transferred to Poland, just as I argued that similar persecutions of Polish minorities in Germany, which he concedes, was an argument against the transfer of the Poles of Pomerania to Germany.

Finally, Mr. Johnson closes his communication thus: "But of course the only persecutions to be tolerated are French and Polish persecutions, at least so thinks Mr. Simonds." I trust Mr. Johnson will be generous enough to concede that in this respect he is mistaken and that this letter is competent testimony to the fact there is at least one other persecution which I tolerate.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Snowville, N. H.

The Nature of Philosophy

SIR: While it is very gratifying to be placed in the distinguished group of philosophers mentioned by Mr. Lindeman (New Republic, Nov. 17), I must decline the honor of participating in the new or "emerging" philosophy. Truth rather than novelty or optimism seems to me the primary concern of the philosopher —even the truth of the scholasticism that so many moderns despise without the barest acquaintance. Moreover, believing that philosophy itself is one of the most intense forms of human energy, I cannot see the wisdom of abandoning it to become an "active participator in life"—whatever that may mean. The pursuit of truth, like the pursuit of beauty, is one of the very high notes of human existence and need not be subordinated to, or justified by, utility or even uplift.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York, N. Y.

The Right to Bigotry

SIR: I have read with considerable interest Miss De Lima's Klux Klan and its appeal to ignorant bigotry."

Why should any candidate mention something that he cannot deal with in any way if elected? Ignorance, bigotry, superstition, prejudice and intolerance, in any voter, are legal and constitutional and the voter has a legal right to be guided by these qualities at elections. The Klan is a legal organization, until proved otherwise. All the "declaring" against it, by politicians, is empty sound and fury. Governor Walton found he could not do one thing against the Klan. I do not belong to the Klan or any secret organization. Let us be sensible.

C. F. HUNT.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Not Any School Morning

SIR. I have read with considerable interest Miss De Lima's picture of Any School Morning. I was amused until I read the statement at the end that this story would probably have been little different no matter what school or class she would have visited save for certain notable instances. I was under the impression that it had become out of fashion for burlesques of the public schools, whether in cartoon or in print, to find their place in reputable magazines or newspapers. I am sorry to see this in your paper, and I shall be glad to have some sort of disavowal.

GEORGE MILLARD DAVISON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Confidential

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, as you remember, once conceived "the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection," and set about it in the same spirit in which he undertook his other experiment, the one with the kite, in a musing intellectual sort of way. He picked out thirteen likely-looking virtues, wrote them down in a book opposite ruled spaces for marking his mistakes and set out to master them at the rate of one a week. At the end of thirteen weeks, ergo, lay moral perfection. It was all very rational, very praiseworthy, and it entertained Franklin for some weeks (not thirteen).

The other day, on seeing a thin black book marked Strictly Confidential, I opened it, and traced with widening eye the outlines of a new moral system. It was simple, luminous, more stark than the Ten Commandments, more singly aimed then Benedict's rule. This twentieth century, thought I, has been judged too much by its externals—here is its spiritual lining, the fire of its inner motive defined and expressed. I thought of Franklin's dilettante little discipline as I might have thought of his kite experiment while standing under an incandescent light. Our age has harnassed electricity for its use, continued I, but I never knew before how marvelously it has bent moral power to its shining purpose. Here is something more wonderful than applied physics.

The little book, curiously enough, resembles Franklin's. It contains charts and it opens with a quotation:

"'The Chief pride of American character,' says Charles M. Schwab, 'is successful accomplishment. It may be measured by the dollars that go into the coffers, but the real throb and thrill of pleasure that comes to his mind, is one of successful accomplishment.'" Success is not merely money. It is a refined spiritual satisfaction, a cult, a religion. The high priest has defined it.

Ask yourself these vital questions (so the book continues): Now is the time to take stock of your personal equipment for Success. Know your *strengths and your weaknesses*. You have them both! Admit the fact—and take immediate action to fit yourself for advancement . . . Surely you will give fifteen minutes a week to keeping a record which directs you to ultimate Success! . . . Here is a chart for that very purpose . . .

"Your opportunity is no different from that of Charles M. Schwab" . . . this is all thirty-nine of the articles of faith; accept it and turn the page.

Here are the charts. Thirty-one positive (desirable) qualities are listed on one side, twenty-six negative (undesirable) qualities are on the other. Opposite each item are squares for the week's mark, at the bottom a place for the total percent perfect, for the four weeks' average, for the joint monthly average. "The simplified arrangement of the charts makes for ease and expedition in checking up, week by week, on oneself . . . Simply grade yourself 25 percent, 50 percent, 75 percent or 100 percent as you *sincerely* feel you deserve the mark." Ask yourself for instance, Did I: (1) Coöperate, (2) Concentrate, (3) Do a kindly act each day, (4) Increase my will-power, (5) Make necessary sacrifices, (6) Tackle FIRST things first, (7) Conserve energies through relaxation and recreation? . . . Have I been: Loyal, Tactful, Natural, Accommodating, Courteous and Affable? Did I exhibit: Initiative, Accuracy, Force, Good judgment, Enthusiasm for my work, Neat personal appearance? . . . On the other hand examine these possibilities (negative). Did I: Procrastinate, Indulge in self-praise, Sacrifice principle for policy, Discount the acomplishments of others? . . . Have I been: Irritable, Sarcastic, Visionary, Combative, Revengeful, Overbearing? . . . or Did I exhibit: Fear, Timidity, Verbosity, Self-consciousness, Leniency toward my own shortcomings? . . .

Can anyone who has gone over this and who remembers Franklin's simple device, fail to be impressed by the reality of progress? Franklin was a great man, of course, for those days, but morally he was a dilettante. He set up his thirteen virtues for a vague sort of experiment in moral perfection instead of using them as a means to a pure high purpose. His virtues were impractical, that's the thing; they were unaimed. Whereas this new system, epitomizing the advance of our age beyond his, turns the blind forces of moral power to the comfort and utility of mankind. No virtues which do not form a rung in the ladder to Success are in it; no "item" included but exalts the faithful one step toward Charles M. Schwab. It is an incredible appliance of man's highest impulses.

But turn also to the back of the book. Here are the directions for working the mechanism. Or better, here is the patristic literature of Success, the authoritative words of the Fathers. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Dr. Frank Crane, Kipling, Professor James, Peter Clark Macfarlane —yes, and many others—lend their weight to the definition of the Elemental Terms. Under Encourage, for instance: "'Remember that every man at times stumbles and must be helped up. If he's down you can't carry him. The only way a man can be helped is to help himself.'—Theodore Roosevelt . . . *See the advantage of encouraging others to greater effort?*" Under Friendliness: "'Do not get impatient when other people think differently from you. See what you can learn from his viewpoint. Give it intelligent attention and you will make a friend of him.'—Julius H. Barnes. *Have you formed the habit of establishing Friendly Relations?*" There are helpful proverbs, too, succinct insights into basic truth. "If you cannot control yourself you cannot control others" is one, and "The man who never does any more than he is paid for never gets paid for any more than he does."

Suppose that poor simple Ben could come back now. How his eyes would be opened! He would find something even more wonderful than the development of his Saturday Evening Post or the harnessing of his spark of lightning. He would find great machines turned by that spark doing the work of the world, and millions of happy people deriving culture and refinement from that great periodical. But better and more extraordinary than that, he would find the spirit of this modern world expressed in a great inspiration, a universal striving upward, toward a high pinnacle, Success. This can be measured in dollars, it is true, but it is besides a spiritual satisfaction, a really noble thing. It is a religion. Not haphazardly do the people practice this religion. They have an appliance for attaining their ideal, an efficient contrivance which automatically turns selected morality into Success. Oh noble machine! Legion are the books and periodicals and pamphlets devoted to this religion and to the attainment of this ideal, but the true machine, the actual breviary, is bound in flexible black leather, marked Strictly Confidential, and patented June 13, 1922.

E. V.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor in British Coal Fields

Labor in the Coal Mining Industry, by G. D. H. Cole, New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

MR. COLE if he choses can be a propagandist of power and charm, particularly in the advocacy of guild socialism. It also appears that he can stop off the the soap box, retire into the study and do a piece of straight scientific research in which the objective facts are at a maximum, and his persuasive opinions at a minimum. This volume is a case in point. It deals with labor in the British coal fields during the eight years 1914-1921. Mr. Cole writes with that infernal lucidity with which so many Englishmen seem to be born, and which we Americans achieve partially—only after unheard of bitterness and gall. Is it in the blood, or is it Oxford and Cambridge? I leave the question to the Overseers of Harvard and Yale.

To my mind, the book is a model of what an objective study in labor research ought to be. The documents are marshalled row on row, the style is free of prejudice and passion, yet one's interest is caught and held, the dramatic incidents stand out, and the story moves forward relentlessly to the great tragedy which shattered one of the most hopeful movements in all industrial history.

Trade Unionism first entered the British coal fields in earnest in 1863. The Miners' Federation was organized in 1888. In 1900 the membership was over half a million, and in 1914, 900,000, including nearly every worker in the industry. England has no great non-union areas, such as the West Virginias of America.

While a national industrial union, the Miners' Federation, as the name implies, was made up of a host of local associations in the various fields, and these in turn were made up of locals, or pit lodges, the social and economic unit around which the life of the miner revolved. There was no national or uniform system for the regulation of wages or working conditions, each local association bargaining with the local employer. Wages were set on an obsolete "standard" basis dating from 1877, and the whole wage structure was an outgrown anomaly. The Miners' Federation had, by 1914, won the eight hour day (in principle), a legal minimum (very minimum) wage, the right to appoint check weighmen, and various safety provisions—all duly prescribed by Acts of Parliament.

The war found the coal industry unprepared as it found all other industries save that of manufacturing hatred. During the first year, no less than 250,000 miners enlisted. A trade depression was followed by a sharp realization of the necessity of coal production for war shipping, railway service and munitions. The coal-owners promptly tried to secure the suspension of the Eight Hours Act, the federation mobilized for protection, the government appointed advisory committees without number; absenteeism, local strikes, conciliations ensued, and matters were at sixes and sevens until, on February 22, 1917, the coal fields were taken over under the Defense of the Realm Act, and Sir Guy Calthrop officially entered upon his duties as Coal Controller. This was a step which the miners had long advocated, and needless to say it was a step of unparalleled common sense. Profits—which had been enormous—were promptly regulated on a nine percent basis. Production and distribution were budgetted on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The raids of the military on the coal winning man power were abated and compromised, and perhaps most important of all, the regulation of wages for the first time in the history of the industry was put on a uniform national basis, and the standard of living of the miners markedly improved. State control saved the industry an incredible amount of waste, profiteering and wrangling, and doubtless played no small part in the final winning of the war.

The miners, with certain amendments, wanted the machinery to continue, and following the Armistice, the Federation launched a great campaign looking toward an equalization of wages with the cost of living, and permanent nationalization combined with democratic control of the industry. So insistent were their demands, backed with the threat of strike, that the government was forced to give ear. The famous Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed, and during those spring days of 1919, the eyes of all England, yea, of all the world, were on Mr. Justice Sankey, his committee and his witnesses, in the King's Robing Room of the House of Lords. And steadily the battle went against the proponents of coal for private profit, steadily in favor of coal for the people of England with a decent livelihood, and a share of democratic control, for the miners.

The evidence the miners presented showed how wages, despite the improvement since war control, had not breasted the cost of living; how the eight hour day was nearer nine in actual practice; how each year saw 160,000 reported accidents in the coal fields, and how, between 1907 and 1916, 12,400 men had been killed in the mines; how only 9 percent of all England lived two or more to a room, but how from 29 to 40 per cent of all miners lived two or more to a room, and how tuberculosis was a scourge in mining communities; how profits, averaging £13,000,000 before the war, jumped to £22,000,000 in 1915 and £38,000,000 in 1916; how, while wages had risen 106 percent over 1913, profits had risen 269 percent; and finally how waste and inefficiency ran riot under private ownership with its walled-off seams, its crosshauling, its unemployment, overdevelopment and higgling of the market.

In July came the final reports, the miners recommending nationalization and democratic control through District Councils; the employers advocating public ownership of the coal measures and state regulation; the government proposing a private trust under strict regulation with guaranteed dividends at 4 percent; and Mr. Justice Sankey advocating complete nationalization with rather less democratic control than proposed by the miners. And then storm and darkness and despair. The Coalition it appeared in due course had only staged the play in the King's Robing Room to ward off the threatened strike. On July 9, it deliberately and without reason raised the price of coal 6s a ton, and thus deluged public opinion with its first draft of cold water. If this is what nationalization meant . . . Meanwhile a local strike had developed in Yorkshire of which the government and the press made the most, and public opinion received another douche. Partial bills were introduced and gerrymandered through the fall, until public opinion had quite cooled off, and then Mr. Lloyd George speaking for the government announced, "We have come definitely to the conclusion that we cannot see our way to advise Parliament to pass a measure for taking over as a business of the state the management of the mines of this country." The miners fought on for two more months, but the psychological moment had been crucified, and nationalization was dead.

With their program in ruins, the miners retreated to the single issue of a wage demand. They struck and won.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The government proceeded to decontrol—turning the industry back to its private owners. The private owners promptly ordered a thirty percent wage reduction. The miners, with the industrial depression in full cry, and deserted at the last moment by the Triple Alliance, struck—and lost. And the curtain rolls down upon one of the greatest industrial tragedies of history.

STUART CHASE.

Cannibals and Roses

Magellan: His Life and Adventures by Sea and Land. Arthur S. Hildebrand. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

Voyagings Southward from the Strait of Magellan, by Rockwell Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

CHARTS of the southern tip of the American continent are bordered with notes that give warning of cannibals. Turning to larger scale charts and sailing directions, the physical aspect of the land (about this there cannot be a thought-up lie) changes from a blunt tip, to a maze of shoals, false passages, sunken rocks, and vast tidal currents. The unsentimental diction of these "trade journals" leaves one pallid at the thought of night closing in over seething mountains of water thrown up in half mile waves, plunging against bleak crags.

Here, if ever, in this swirl of terrors at the edge of the world, the business of earth should become a living, profound idea for men, if there be any truth in ultimates. Two recent books have come to this particular ultimate of the natural world. The first is Mr. Hildebrand's life of Magellan. The yarn about Magellan is that he spent his youth in Malacca and the Spice Islands in the service of Portugal. After several years of fighting and voyaging, he sailed back around Africa, and reached Lisbon. King Manuel of Portugal failed to increase Magellan's stipend, and the practical adventurer removed to the rival service of Philip of Spain. He was not long in Spain before a nostalgia for the East began to work in him. Unfortunately for Magellan the Pope had ruled a line through the map of the world, and had said to Portugal, sail East—to Spain, sail West.

The only hope of the East for Magellan now lay in a course to westward. He believed this possible if he could drive far enough to southward. Five ships were given him, and he sailed away.

At the end of the American continent, his iron will was baffled by a stronger thing. The terror of a winter in St. Julian froze the bowels of his men, and the strait was not yet found. The terror took the form of mutiny, that was to be stilled only by slit throats and the loss of a vessel that sailed back to Spain.

It was the terror of the world's edge that Magellan conquered when he finally sailed through the strait. As though from an awful dream, the little fleet fled up the broad reach of the Pacific, and arrived in the East. Magellan met his death on the island of Cebu administering Christianity to resentful natives.

As a story, Magellan's adventure comes to a crux in the winter spent in the region of the strait. It is here that Mr. Hildebrand's grand manner quietly breaks down. There is no pause of wonder at this land of "uncompleted chaos." The same rapid externality is preserved, the same speed that related earlier "conspiratorial antics." When Magellan dies the reader realizes it is not important. To understand why the story, which has such possibility for elaboration and intensity, goes off key in the end, we must go back to the essence of the thing, the Strait—its ice and its gales and Magellan's reality as a person in this heightened austerity of the physical world.

One is inclined to feel that Mr. Hildebrand's prose cliffs crumple to bad photography because he has avoided the idea. The so-called rapid, adventurous style, in the end, does not yield an ounce of the thrill that comes out of the beautiful, if at times tedious, Conrad. Contemplation, one reflects, was never touched in the mind, in the soul, of Magellan, and after all, immediate or ultimate, art rests on idea. And it would seem the idea, even when nature pops off on a grand scale, is forever elusive if it be pursued with tricks that do not at every turn amount to perceptions.

But if we haven't a Poe to take art to the limit of the world and test its truth there, we have a Rockwell Kent. In the prose of Kent's adventure, the man holds to the keen simplicity of a ship-wright. In the drawings that go with the words, there shines the divinity of the carpenter. The story records the traverse of the main courses of land and water between the Strait of Magellan and Horn Island.

Kent's first vessel is an old life boat come in from a wrecked ship, patiently refitted to his needs in Puntas Arenas. The third mate of the liner Kent came south in had asked to join the enterprise on the third day from New York. Accordingly, the crew numbered two. Together they sailed out from Punta Arenas in the slight Kathleen I. In the small cabin there was room for provisions and rockets (Kent confesses with a kind of child-like laughter in the introduction, that he stole them) and the canvasses and the flute. Within a few hours after their departure, this darling of Kent's handicraft and his mate's rigging, is threatened with destruction.

Any sailor would grant the correctness of subsequent procedure; it is told simply, and perhaps without any other distinction than the deft honesty in representing the last fear of man. The unseen, tortuous coast stands up, the sweeping, foam-tigered waves menace.

And so throughout the wanderings of these two, the land lives. A land where roses are as big as sun-flowers, where gales gnaw against bleak cliffs. The desperados who lend a hand are ferociously hard and themselves to the last crackled finger nail. The cannibals, Indians who look as if they had relished human meat, prefer young clams.

The book lives as a work of art, because the security of its idea can withstand the paradox that surrounds every ultimate. In the drawings there is a clear architecture of this idea. The medium is evidently a broad pen which gives the elimination and style of a wood-cut, but which has its own freedom to give the bend of a tree, or the moving lines of water. The style that recognizes naïve stars and halos, makes this wild world suit its very needs. The drawings are underlaid at all times with a pleasant sense of study. Kent's particular gift seems to be one of working line against mass; they blend in a kind of wild, beautiful, eager mastery of sheer composition. At every turn, where values work against each other—brutally in the case of a tin shed against a granite mountain—it is with a lively sense of the values of each. . . .

Out over the line of Lake Fognano, ice-clad peaks rise sharp in the air. Black across the immediate foreground, curves the twisted limb of a tree . . . At the end of the earth, there is the paradox of the dwarf and the giant.

ALFRED STANFORD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Playboy of the Southern World

Mussolini as Revealed by his Political Speeches. Selected, translated and edited by Barone Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.50.

THIS is an excellent selection from Mussolini's rhetorical performances between November, 1914, and August, 1923, and the Baron Quaranta di San Severino has put all opponents of the Dictator of Italy under an obligation. The lack of humor which is one of the principal ingredients of the speeches themselves allowed their publication and authorized the treacherously adequate participle in the subtitle.

The philosophy of Fascism rests on the proud claim that there isn't any. The present volume bears out this claim. Obviously if Fascism had a kernel of serious and coherent thought it would appear in the sayings of its founder sent forth to cheer and edify the Anglo-Saxon heathen. But the more than 100,000 words of this black-shirted Gospel according to St. Bernard form essentially variations on a single theme. "Our programme is simple. We wish to govern Italy," says the Duce on p. 150. That is the meat. The rest is sauce. Potent as that wish has proved itself in other respects, it has fathered remarkably few thoughts.

Still, not even a founder of Fascism can utter one hundred thousand words without letting some ideas slip by, be it by inadvertence. Theoriam fascibus, tamen usque recurret. Thought thus becomes the by-product of talk. Expounders of Fascism are aware of this, and, inveterate haters of formulas, they have invented a triple one to cover their banishment. They proclaim that Fascism is pragmatic, empirical, eclectic. The pragmatism of the Fascio consists in hitting first, inventing a justification afterwards, and pointing with pride to the efficacy of the ex post facto wisdom. Empiricism, in Fascist parlance, is Greek for inconsistency. Its eclecticism means the picking up of odds and ends of doctrine, regardless of age, race, and color, suited to embellish the emergency.

Fascism may be inconsistent. Its founder is not. He has been pro-Mussolini from the outset. Yet he is no hypocrite. He sincerely believes that to be for Mussolini is to be for Italy. He sincerely believes himself to be Italy's man of destiny. In his more exalted moments he sincerely mistakes himself for Napoleon.

Those who accuse the ex-revolutionary leader of betraying his beginnings miss the point of his evolution. Mussolini did not abandon his revolutionary creed. He merely turned it inside out. He did not throw away his syndicalist luggage. He only climbed a fence and came down on the other side with his luggage in good condition.

Mussolini the Sorelian socialist despised parliamentarism and democracy. Mussolini the Fascist translated that contempt into practice. Democracy, he always believed, is a sham; parliamentarism a fraud. The people are not only unable, but also unwilling to govern themselves. What they want and need is a determined minority to govern them by violence. Violence is noble and ennobling. Better still, it is decisive.

Speaking after the general strike of 1922, Mussolini said:

> At the end of July and August, after having made use of violence systematically for forty-eight hours, we got results which we should not have obtained in forty-eight years of sermons and propaganda. When, therefore, violence removes a gangrene of this sort, it is morally sacred and necessary.

Worship of violence, of direct action, is the only consistent idea in Fascism, and even that leads into an inconsistency. Mussolini first preached violence against the Communists because they were the enemies of the state. Good. Then he preached violence against the state. Still not so bad. Afterwards, however, he preached the right of the state to crush not only rebellion, but also dissent, by force of arms. The Sorelian distinction between "moral" violence and "immoral" force, the original Fascist stock-in-trade, is thus dropped overboard. Even Mussolini, with his lack of humor, feels the rift in the reasoning and tries to patch it up by declaring that Fascism had been the real state even before it became the government.

This is a dangerous doctrine to sell, ready to wear, to all comers, for among them may be another of those determined minorities which Sr. Mussolini admires so much. (Like all usurpers, Fascism is particularly keen on title. Its passion for moral justification is the same as that which drove Napoleon to marry the daughter of the last of the Roman Emperors.) Obviously, if the doctrine of violence is not to bite the hand that feeds it, it must be muzzled. Mussolini always speaks about "violence within limits." This, too, is a Sorelian notion. But Mussolini interprets it in his own individual way. To him the limit of violence coincides with the vanishing line of opposition. Eclectic Fascism borrowing Whistler's idea, holds that the best place to bury the hatchet in, is the side of the enemy.

"Violence is sometimes moral," says Mussolini. The emphasis, it would seem, is on sometimes. The morality of violence, he continues, depends on the purpose for which it is used. This is what the Papuan chieftain said as he helped himself to another chunk of broiled missionary. But who will set the purpose? Mussolini. This can be boiled down to a simple principle. "My violence is right, your violence is wrong." Which, of course, is sheer mysticism, presupposing a dualistic creation. Indeed, we find Mussolini saying: "One is born a Fascist." In other words, another is born a non-Fascist. Or, in the words of the Chanson de Roland. "Païenz ont tort et chrestienz ont droit." Or, in American, Heads I win, tails you lose.

Signor Mussolini further suggests that the morality of violence is dependent not only on its purpose, but also on geographic longitude. Thus in his speech delivered at the first Fascist mass meeting in Milan, on March 23, 1919, he proposed the following resolution:

> The meeting . . . pledges the Fascisti to prevent by every means in their power the candidature of neutralists of any party.

That in this case the Fascists proved themselves not only as good as their word but better is a matter of history. They have faithfully and effectively carried out the precept ever since. But what is "sacred duty" in Italy, becomes something else in Jugoslavia. In his maiden speech before the Chamber, on June 21, 1921, Signor Mussolini said:

> The fact of the election of the constituent does not justify the tragic state of abandonment in which Italy left Montenegro, because only twenty percent of the electors voted, and of these only nine percent in favor of annexation by Serbia. The Serbian authorities have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ARE THE BEST GIFTS—CHOOSE FROM AMONG THESE

BIOGRAPHIES

Because in them you find your most satisfying companions.

SUPPOSE

You could go down to London with Thomas Carlyle and meet with him all the literary leaders of his day? You do in

Carlyle to the French Revolution
Continuing the Story of
Carlyle Till Marriage
By ALEC DAVID WILSON
The most important literary biography of the century.
Each vol., $6.00

SUPPOSE

You could sit down with one of America's greatest newspaper editors and hear him comment on the leading events of twelve years of the nation's life?

Cobb of "The World"
A volume of editorials, arranged by John Heaton, gives you just that for $3.50

SUPPOSE

that an internationally famous economist should sit down with you night after night and tell you of the leaders of thought whom he had known, etching their portraits for you with shrewd dry Scotch wit.

JAMES MAVOR does this in
My Windows on the Streets of the World
In two illustrated vols. $10.00

SUPPOSE

that a man who had worked and suffered much to bring about Revolution in Russia should sit down and tell you how it came and why it failed and what it did to him, a university professor?

PITIRIM SOROKIN in
Leaves from a Russian Diary
does exactly that. $3.00

SUPPOSE

that a man to whom the pursuit of truth through study of the Bible meant so much that he could face ex-communication rather than surrender freedom of thought could tell you the story of his spiritual struggle?

ALFRED LOISY in
My Duel with the Vatican
tells such a poignant story. $3.00

THE BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

"Of new books there may be too many, but the thirst of a seasoned reader for reprints of old—and good ones is never quenched. . . . The Broadway Translations makes available for modern readers the rearest and best of foreign masterpieces."—*The Nation.*

New Volumes

Poets of the Greek Anthology
By F. A. WRIGHT. $3.00
The Epic of the Beast
Introduction by William Rose. $3.00
Count Lucanor
Translated by James York. $3.00
Suetonius' The Twelve Caesars
Translated by P. Holland. $5.00
Esquemeling, Buccaneers of America (1684-85)
With an Essay by Andrew Lang. $5.00
De Rojas' Celestina
Translated by James Mabbe (1631). $5.00
Aksakov's Chronicles of a Russian Family
Intro. by Prince Mirsky. $5.00
A Book of Characters
By Theophrastus and Others; edited by Richard Aldington. $5.00
Gesta Romanorum
Translated by Charles Swan. $5.00
Bandello's Tragical Tales
Translated by Geoffrey Fenton. $5.00
Simplicissimus the Vagabond
Translated by A. S. Goodrick. $5.00
Send for a descriptive circular.

NEW VOLUMES IN

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Paston Letters, 2 volumes
Journal of George Fox
Livy's Rome, Vols. 5 and 6
Swift's Journal to Stella
Russian Short Stories
Speeches of Charles J. Fox
Pope's Poems
Golden Lion of Granpere
Roberts' Western Avernus
Locke on Civil Government

Each vol. (cloth) 80 *cents*
Send for a complete list of over 750 *volumes*

ILLUMINATING BOOKS

Because a book which helps to clear up any question of the day is a gift to treasure.

SUPPOSE

You could sit by a camp-fire and listen to the drifting, sympathetic talk of a man who has gained the quiet spirit through which America should be interpreted? Such companionship you find in

JOSEPH H. ODELL'S
Unmailed Letters
Stimulating, reflective. $2.50

SUPPOSE

A Hindu born who sees India in the light of his heritage from the ages, yet who has been long enough in the western world to know your viewpoint, should explain to you with quiet charm the impasse of Gandhism and the life of modern India?

DHAN MUKERJI'S
My Brother's Face
does exactly that. $3.00

SUPPOSE

that a distinguished naturalist, a poet, in whose hands the English language is living, exquisite, and whose spirit is an inspiration could show you an English country side as he sees it?

EDWARD GARNETT'S
Hudson Anthology
does this for you. $3.00

SUPPOSE

One of *Life's* most famous humorists were willing to supply you with literally hundreds of wise and witty sayings apropos to almost every subject you are likely to talk upon?

ARTHUR GUITERMAN in
A Poet's Proverbs
gives you a choice of such mirthful, sober or fanciful epigrams all in rhymed couplets. $2.00

SUPPOSE

that a man who has visited the world's beauty spots should not only describe to you two of the most famous duchies of France, but should give you also some of his own pictures of their points of interest?

CLIVE HOLLAND in
Things Seen in Brittany and Normandy
gives you both. $1.50

Are not gifts like these worth many times what your bookseller asks?

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

introduced a real reign of terror in Montenegro and *have prevented the presentation of lists which may contain the names of candidates favorable to the independence of the country.* (Italics ours.)

Naughty, naughty Serbians! But the Germans of Bolzano (the South Tyrol city better known by its German name of Bozen) are worse still. In the same address Signor Mussolini portrayed in flaming words their sinister doings and the meting out of Fascist justice which followed.

> At the sample fair organized by the Chamber of Commerce of Bolzano, a nest of Pan-Germanism, all Italian firms were excluded, so much so that the invitations were issued in German, and a *Bavarian band played for the whole duration of the fair!* I come now to the events of April 14, *when a Fascista bomb, justly administered by way of reprisal, and for which I take upon myself the moral responsibility, marked the limit to which Fascismo intended that the German movement should go.*

Mussolini, the Baron Quaranta di San Severino tells us in the preface, is a volcanic genius, a bewitcher of crowds. He has, we learn, not only indomitable daring, but also great physical and moral courage.

> He is the real type of Roman Emperor, with a severe bronze face . . . but which hides a kind and generous heart.

It is one of Mussolini's frequent boasts that he never forgives an enemy.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics

The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, by Paul Kammerer, translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden. New York: Boni and Liveright. $4.50.

THE book is written more for "the laity" than for biologists, but it is a question whether readers from the one or the other group will be the most irritated by its style and contents. The biologist finds little and only inadequate new evidence for this type of inheritance, and the layman will find the argument notably incomplete and regrettably involved in controversy concerning the author's earlier investigations and writings.

It would certainly be worth while to know whether, under what circumstances, and *which,* acquired characteristics are heritable. That many or most such characteristics are apparently not inherited is a commonplace observation. Kammerer, like several others, has tried to investigate the matter. Experiments were conducted with the midwife toad, a kind of salamander, and with sea-squirts. The results with the toad and salamander bring out some points of biological interest. But do they prove or even clearly suggest the inheritance of acquired characteristics? Nearly all those most interested and best prepared to give a reply, find that they do not. Does this adverse decision rest, as Kammerer repeatedly claims, upon an antagonistic mental drift of the biological jury? It can be said that some of this group, including the present reviewer, regard it as probable that the type of existence led by a species, along with the special environment of that species, in some way or ways influences the evolution (inheritance) of such a species. All this might occur, however, entirely apart from the inheritance of acquired characters; students of the subject would like to know whether such evolution is ever assisted by such inheritance, and few among them consider that we already have complete knowledge of all the means of "acquirement" exercised by living matter. To open-minded investigators the results of the toad and salamander experiments fail to supply the much-desired proofs. In Kammerer's interpretation of these results, and throughout the book, he utilizes a misconception of the rôle of environment in the development of a characteristic. He speaks repeatedly of one or another environment as *changing* a character, whereas environment is always one of the two things which form or constitute a character. Ten radically different environments should yield the same character in as many different forms, and in none of these cases would we observe a *changed* character.

The experiments—the crucial or "deciding experiments"—on cutting off the siphons of the sea-squirts are not fully or convincingly presented. It happens that coincident with the publication of this book, Fox has published the results obtained in a repetition of an essential part of these (Ciona) experiments. Fox finds that repeated clippings of the siphons results in no elongation of the regenerated siphons.

Numerous citations are made to the results of other investigators on diverse biological problems, but the cases cited often have no real relation to the question of acquired characters. This part of the book seems likely to confuse the layman more often than it convinces him. The main discussion is conducted in a depressing and unfortunate key. In a second—eugenical part—these bad bets are mostly off, and the courageous reader may here find the main theme applied to such subjets as Mutual Aid, Agriculture, Rejuvenation and Genius.

OSCAR RIDDLE.

A CORRECTION

In the article, Injunctions and Contempt of Court, on p. 287 of The New Republic, Nov. 19, 1924, the last sentence attributed to Justice Brewer was not his, but that of the author.

Contributors

J. B. S. HALDANE is a reader in biochemistry at Cambridge University.

A. R. ORAGE, proprietor and editor of The New Age, is the author of Consciousness: Animal, Human, and Superman, etc.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, co-author of What Price Glory? is on the staff of the New York World.

JOHN DEWEY, educator and philosopher, spent last summer in Turkey studying educational conditions at the invitation of the government.

VIRGINIA WOOLF is the author of Night and Day and Monday or Tuesday.

STUART CHASE, author of The Challenge of Waste, is a member of the Labor Bureau of New York. He is a frequent contributor to current periodicals. Since 1917 he has been investigating the meat industry and packers under the Federal Trade Commission.

ALFRED STANFORD is the author of The Ground Swell and A City Out of the Sea.

EUGENE S. BAGGER is a New York journalist, formerly foreign editor of the New York Tribune. He is the author of Eminent Europeans.

OSCAR RIDDLE is a scientific investigator and teacher on the research staff of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution. He has written papers on the physiology of development and reproduction, and on heredity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED